

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

An illustration at the top of the page, below the title, depicts a stable scene. On the left, a horse stands in a stall. In the center, a person is lying on the ground, possibly dead or unconscious, with a sword or long staff nearby. On the right, another person is lying on the ground. The background shows the interior of a stable with various items and structures.

No. 306.—VOL. XII.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

NEXT week's issue of this paper will be the Christmas number, "Holly Leaves," which we submit to our friends and readers in the confident belief that they will approve of what has been prepared for them. To "puff" our own wares would be an ungraceful and invidious business; but we think it will be recognised that in the selection alike of illustrations and literature the greatest pains have been taken to make up a really interesting, readable, and generally creditable number. With the exception of the reproduction of Mr. G. A. Holmes's picture, "Firm Friends" (which we may mention, to show the tediousness of the processes of printing in so many colours, has been in course of preparation since June), we have chosen woodcuts in black and white in preference to coloured prints. A list of the contents will be found in another portion of the paper, and we confidently hope that our friends will not be disappointed.

MANY correspondents have sent me letters at different times to ask various questions about Mr. Robertson's comedies at the Prince of Wales's, and Mr. Bancroft has kindly written and afforded me the means of answering. Society was produced in November, 1865, and was played about 150 nights, was revived in 1868 for about 100 nights, and again in November, 1874, for 130 nights. Ours was produced in September, 1866, and ran about 150 nights; was revived November, 1870, and ran over 200 nights; revived again in April, 1876, and played till the close of the season, about 80 nights, and is now being acted again before crowded houses. Caste was first given in April, 1876, and ran about 150 nights, and a little while after was put upon the stage again for a month. In September, 1871, it saw the footlights for 200 nights, and from January to the end of May—about 120 nights—it was once more brought forward. Play was produced in February, 1868, and ran rather over 100 nights; and School, produced January, 1869, could not be sent for a holiday till it had been open close upon 400 nights. The scholars re-assembled in September, 1873, and did not break up for 170 nights. M.P., the last of the series, was produced April, 1870, ran for 160 nights, but neither this nor Play has been revived. It thus appears that Society has been played about 380 times, Caste nearly 500, School 570, and Ours nearly 450, to which number every evening makes an addition. Much of the secret of the success of these revivals is attributed to the fact that the plays have always been withdrawn before they were worn out. Had Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft retired when their time at the Prince of Wales's was up it would have been nothing short of a calamity for playgoers, and every one will wish them a long continuation of their accustomed success in their new home at the Haymarket.

A KNOTTY point had to be decided the other day in the Shrewsbury County Court. At an agricultural show held there lately the £10 prize for jumping was awarded to a Mr. Cotton, on a horse called Bravo. Concerning his superiority there seemed to be no doubt, but there was an objection to the performance, which the council of the society held to be fatal. Mr. Cotton should have worn

boots and breeches during the contest, and he wore trousers. On this ground the prize was withheld, and the owner of Bravo brought an action to recover the money, alleging that when the judges permitted Mr. Cotton to compete they condoned the offence; and accepting this view a verdict was given for the amount claimed. Whether the decision be right or wrong will be much disputed in spite of the result of the trial. If judges do not see that their rules and regulations are carried out, disputes will follow as a natural consequence.

THE *Chicago Field* is much discontented with the names of various articles which convey a totally incorrect impression of their real nature. Thus sealing-wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnabar. Cinnabar gives it the deep red colour, and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle. Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any of the properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale. Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, is not even grown there; nor is it grass at all. It consists of a palm-leaf (*Thrinax argentea*), and is imported chiefly from Cuba. German silver is not silver at all, nor was the metallic alloy called by that name invented by a German, but has been in use in China time out of mind. Galvanised iron is not galvanised. It is simply iron coated with zinc, and this is done by dipping it in a zinc bath containing muriatic acid. Kid gloves are rarely made from kid skins. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potash. Black lead does not contain a particle of lead, being composed of carbon and iron. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured in or exported from Burgundy. Finally, the *Chicago Field* is not a "field," nor anything approaching to it, but simply a newspaper.

ANECDOTES of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are popular just now, and I do not think the account of an amusing visit paid by the first-named to a suburban concert-giver has ever appeared. Mr. Gilbert heard that his *Trial by Jury*, re-named and slightly altered—I believe it was played by niggers—was being given at a certain hall and skating-rink; and not liking to be swindled, but still more objecting to having his burlesque burlesqued, he went to see about it, determined to find out whether or not the rumour of the performance was true. Mr. Gilbert called, and was duly shown in. The author of *H.M.S. Pinafore* opened proceedings by inquiring whether the hall was not let for amateur theatricals sometimes? It was, certainly, any afternoon or evening if not already engaged, and the manager inquired what his visitor proposed to play. "Well, there's a piece called *Trial by Jury*. I was thinking of that," the visitor replied. "And a very good piece, too," the manager kindly assured him; "sure to take." "I know who could play the principal parts very well," Mr. Gilbert said—in fact, he had selected several casts with much discrimination—"but I was doubtful about the chorus. Could you help me in this, do you think?" "I think I could; in fact, I'm sure of it; you need not trouble about a chorus that knows the music," the manager replied, delighted, for every little helped in these hard times, and things were very bad with him. "Thank you; you are very kind," Mr. Gilbert gently answered; "but," he continued, "by the way, are there not some charges—fees—of some kind to be paid for the right of playing pieces of this sort? I fancy I have heard something to that effect?" Then the manager grew very confidential, indeed. He looked sly. He even winked; and he said, "Never you mind about that. I don't. Why, we play the very piece you're talking about every night, only we don't call it *Trial by Jury*. We ain't such fools. Gilbert and Sullivan don't know anything about it, and ain't likely to. You leave it to me, and you'll be all right!" It was now Mr. Gilbert's turn, and he quietly replied, "I think you've made a slight mistake in my name. I am Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and I had heard that you were good enough to play my piece without mentioning it, so I came to see." Mr. Gilbert declares that the man shrank visibly. From a huge creature, six feet high, he seemed to descend to the dimensions of a child in petticoats. Mr. Gilbert mercifully spared him for the sake of the fun he had afforded, but the story shows that it is not only American managers who help themselves when they get the chance.

THE New York *Spirit of the Times* is hurt because "the English sporting papers have not, so far, deigned to notice the arrival of Falsetto on that side of the water, except that one of them said, about the time he got to Newmarket, that 'seven yearlings and a two-year-old' had arrived and taken quarters with the remainder of Mr. Lorillard's team. Next spring," the *Spirit* says, "there may be another howl such as was heard last spring, and, what is worse, it may last all the season, for if Parole was able to defeat England's good horses, Falsetto will certainly lead them a merry chase." If Falsetto is good enough to beat "England's good horses" next year we will howl out cheers for a game and speedy animal, but some of our two-year-olds seem tolerably smart, and Falsetto will have his work cut out.

FOR a description of sheer unmitigated idleness it would be very hard indeed to beat the account of a certain man who was constantly in the habit of "doing nothing very slowly." To master the art and to practise it frequently is no doubt the way to live to a good old age.

THE want of earnestness in stage fights usually makes them ridiculous, but of all histrionic combats with which I am acquainted the duel between Lohengrin and Federico di Telramondo is invariably the most absurd. Even when Signor Gayarré, whom I hold to be the most artistic of modern tenors, appears as the Knight of the Swan there is no spirit in this combat; and Signor Fancelli's demeanour is as bad as his voice is good. Whenever he

plays Lohengrin he comports himself like a timid little boy in the streets daring a still more timid companion to "come on." That such a combatant should win is only good as burlesque: it must be Telramondo's evil conscience that overcomes him and not the sword, which Lohengrin uses as an unaccustomed yokel does a flail. Nothing is more exciting than a good stage fight—exciting for the audience and sometimes for one of the duellists, as Mr. Edmund Leathes, who formerly played Laertes at the Lyceum to Mr. Irving's Hamlet, could tell. More than twice or thrice Hamlet's foil came with a shrewd switch against Laertes' fingers, as an ugly scar next day told unmistakably, for in the heat of the moment Mr. Irving is heart and soul in the character, and the situation is that Hamlet is trying to win his wager, and Shakespeare had not contemplated Mr. Irving's energy and Mr. Leathes' ineffectual attempts to guard his hand.

I MUST apologise for introducing a personal matter, but by doing so I can answer a number of friendly correspondents who have written to me on the subject during the past year. I wish to observe that the "Sketches in the Hunting Field" which have appeared at intervals during the last few months, together with a few stories and several new "Sketches" which have never been published, will soon be issued in book form by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and I am glad to say that the volume will be illustrated by the best of all artists for the purpose—Mr. John Sturgess.

RAPIER.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS.

It is strange that London has no permanent circus, but the fact remains, and Mr. Hengler's annual visit is therefore all the more welcome. As usual, he returns with a long list of popular performers, biped and quadruped, and with some special novelties which effectually contradict a common assertion that "circuses are all the same." Among the best things in the present troupe Mr. Rancy's Arabs, Sultan, D'Jalma, Figaro, Pierrot, and Undalicht, deserve a prominent place. It is claimed for them that in their performances "perfection in the art of training" is reached, and this is scarcely going too far; moreover there is reason to suppose that the mastery over them has been gained rather by kindness than by cruelty, which seems to us a very great thing indeed. The trick pony, Bébé, introduced by one of the clowns, Mr. F. Cattle, is a wonderfully clever little creature, with what really looks like a well-developed sense of humour. The musical clowns, the Brothers Conrad, play violins in all sorts of attitudes and ways, except normal ones. Mlle. Euphrasie and Miss Nellie Boswell ride gracefully, and Miss Amy Samwells does wonderful things on "the invisible wire." The performance of Mr. James Jee and children are very adroit, and much to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. George Gilbert's bare-backed riding has rarely been surpassed, and Messrs. John Walters, Ditton, and the Brothers Jacquemin do well in their respective scenes. An amusing novelty is the Kangaroo Hunt, with which the entertainments now conclude. The kangaroos evade their pursuers with an amount of ease and cunning that is very amusing to see. A grand spectacle called *A Carnival on the Ice* is in preparation for Christmas, when also Little Sandy will return.

THE TRAINING SHIP "CLIO."—An urgent appeal is made for funds to enable the Executive Committee of the Training Ship, stationed off Bangor, in the Menai Straits, to improve the accommodation for the sick. A thousand pounds is the sum required, and any assistance to this undeniably excellent object will be gratefully received by Commander W. M. Moger, R.N., on board the vessel. On the admirable service these training ships do we need not dilate.

THE Curraghmore Hunt Steeplechases of 1880 will take place on the 6th May.

ON Wednesday the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Mr. Villebois, of Warham, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Hartington, and other gentlemen. The plantation was shot over, and some excellent sport was obtained.

MR. RODNEY C. ALLFREY, a gentleman residing near Whitechurch, and well-known in the hunting-field, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. The ball entered the right temple, and lodged in the back part of the head. Death ensued soon after. The deceased was a partner in the firm of Allfrey Brothers, the well-known brewers in London. He is also brother to Major Allfrey, Wakefield Park, Mortimer, Berks. The deceased gentleman had a stud of hunters stabled at Whitechurch, which he had made his headquarters during the hunting season for several years, and he was very popular in the district.

ALL four of the celebrated "déeses de la danse" who danced the celebrated "pas de quatre" at Her Majesty's Theatre thirty-eight years ago, are still living. Two are married—Cerrito to M. St. Leon, living near Florence, and Marie Taglioni to the Count Gilbert des Voisins, living at Vienna. The other two—Lucille Grahn and Carlotta Grisi—are still unmarried, living, the one at Stockholm, the other near Naples.

NATIONAL SKATING ASSOCIATION.—Skating on shallow water in the Fens was freely indulged on Monday and Tuesday, when the Old Bedford River was also extensively patronised.

AN influential meeting of country gentlemen was held at the new London Hotel, Exeter, for the purpose of taking steps to revive cricket in Devonshire. For some years Devonshire produced a strong eleven, but the decadence of the county club resulted in the cessation of county matches. It was unanimously decided to re-establish the county club, with headquarters at Exeter, and a committee was appointed to obtain some ground in the neighbourhood upon which all county matches should be played. It was estimated that a capital of £500 and an income of £200 a year would be required. The Hon. Mark Ralli was elected president; Mr. E. J. Sanders, treasurer; and Lieut.-Colonel Walrond, and Mr. W. C. Sim, J.P., were appointed hon. secretaries.

Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, says a contemporary, has been singing with brilliant success in various parts of Italy, and latterly in Paris, where engagements have been offered to her from all sides. She will probably accept the proposition of the director of the Opéra Comique, and it is expected that she will make her *début* at that theatre in the character of Mignon, which will suit her to perfection. Written for the contralto voice, and first undertaken by Madame Galli-Marié, this part has gradually passed into the domain of the soprano. The voice of Miss Minnie Hauk, one of our many Mignons, is higher than that of Mme. Galli-Marié. The voice of Mlle. Nilsson, another Mignon, is higher than that of Miss Minnie Hauk, and the voice of Mlle. Van Zandt, the latest and youngest of all Mignons, is higher than that of Mlle. Nilsson.

ST. ANDREW'S EVE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIS annual festival was celebrated as usual by a concert of special attractiveness under Mr. Ambrose Austin's management on Saturday last, the announcements previously made having the effect anticipated of drawing an enormous crowd, which filled the building in every part, and at eight o'clock hundreds of eager Scots were turned away from the doors with their "bawbees" in their hands. Punctually at the hour advertised the concert commenced with the melody, "My heather hills," admirably sung by the Scottish Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. R. Latter. This chorus also gave at intervals during the evening a descriptive part song, "Hark, 'tis the Slogan's martial strain," introducing "The Campbells are coming" and "Auld Lang Syne," with excellent effect, with the accompaniment of the grand organ which has been recently erected. The introduction of the Highland pipers was a mistake, as they were woefully "out of tune and harsh." The third piece sang by the choir, "O' a' the airts, the wind can blow," was as near perfection as possible, and was redemanded by the audience. Mrs. Osgood, who was in excellent voice, sang three songs in a manner which charmed all present, two of the three being encored—"Charlie is my darling" and "Comin' thro' the rye." Miss Agnes Ross, whose name tells of her Scotch descent, roused the audience to a high state of delight by her spirited rendering of "The Standard o' the Braes o' Mar" and "Caller Herrin'." Mr. Maybrick was not in good voice. Mme. Patey whose noble voice, combined with perfect artistic taste in all she undertakes, has placed her in the position which she maintains against all comers, and her singing of "Auld Robin Gray" was worth a long journey to hear; so full of pure pathos was it, that her hearer's hearts were touched, and, in obedience to thunders of applause, the artist moved them from tears to laughter by responding with the quaint ballad of "The Laird o' Cockpen." Mr. Edward Lloyd sang with much feeling two ballads—"Oh! open the door" and "Haste to Kelvin Grove"—the last verses of which he was compelled to repeat. There were three first appearances made by young vocalists at this concert—Miss Ellen Lamb, a soprano, with a pure flexible voice; Miss Hope Glenn, a contralto of good quality and power; and Mr. H. Seligmann, whose voice is a light tenor, and shows evidence of cultivation, were each successful in their respective songs.

The mention of Mr. Sims Reeves has been purposely left till last because of the undoubted and well-deserved attraction the great vocalist's name has for all classes of people. Many were the anxious inquiries by the audience on assembling as to "whether Sims Reeves had arrived?" and satisfaction was expressed on all sides when the doubts on that score were at rest. Mr. Reeves's appearance on the platform was the signal for an outburst of cheering which must have been very pleasing to even one who has for so many years been accustomed to such ovations, and the two songs set down for him, "Ye banks and braes" (Burns), and "Bonnie wee thing" (G. Fox), were listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Reeves sang with all that delicate finish for which he is so famous, and bowed repeatedly his acknowledgments for the hearty applause bestowed upon him. There seemed no doubt, however, that both audience and singer were saving themselves for the grand song of the evening, "The Macgregors' Gathering," and in this Mr. Sims Reeves was at his best, singing it in the style which the great English tenor has made his own. Suffice it to say that the audience was thoroughly worked up by the words, music, and the wonderful power with which the song was given, and it was repeated after a perfect storm of applause. Mr. Sidney Naylor conducted in his usual perfect manner.

ST. JULIEN, says the *Spirit of the Times*, was to have trotted on the 8th inst. against his own time at Oakland Park, but the track was heavy from rain, and the trial was postponed until further notice. A horse needs a good track to beat 2.12½.

SANDOWN PARK MEETING.—In consequence of the continuation of the frost these steeplechases are again postponed till Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next, December the 9th, 10th, and 11th.

THE meeting at the headquarters of the Gun Club on Saturday last was decidedly one of the best that has taken place since the commencement of its winter season. Eleven sportsmen put down their names for the advertised event, a £3 handicap sweepstakes at seven birds, with a cup valued at £15 added. At the conclusion of the eleventh round a tie was announced between Mr. Wallace (30 yards' rise), Mr. Purvis (26), Mr. Carrington (27½), and Mr. Williams (25½), each of whom had brought down the stipulated number—seven. When shooting off the first to retire were Mr. Carrington and Mr. Williams, both of whom failed to stop their first birds. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Purvis graced four each, and then in turn missed one. Mr. Wallace knocked over his sixth bird in good style, and Mr. Purvis missing, the former was declared the winner of the cup and £26 14s. In the course of the afternoon several £1 handicap sweepstakes at three birds each were decided. In these events some excellent sport was shown, and the chief winners were Mr. C. T. C. Gilbert, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Cavendish, and Mr. Purvis. Mr. Gilbert, on the whole, made a very brilliant score, and at one juncture had killed no fewer than 17 birds out of 18.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this Institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Mr. Thomas Chapman, V.P., in the Chair. Mr. Lewis, the Secretary, having read the Minutes of the previous meeting, Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in his official capacity of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, was unanimously elected a Member of the Committee of Management of the Institution. The silver medal of the Institution and its thanks inscribed on vellum were voted to George Markwell, formerly coxswain of the Holy Island Lifeboat, in acknowledgment of his long and gallant services in saving life from shipwreck. Rewards amounting to £176 were also granted to the crews of lifeboats for services rendered during last month's storms, in which period they had been instrumental in saving sixty lives from different shipwrecks, besides helping to save six vessels from destruction. A reward was granted to the crew of a shore boat for saving two men from a boat belonging to the sloop John and Mary, of Goole, which was capsized at the entrance of Poole Harbour during squally weather on the 20th of October. Payments amounting to £4,000 were likewise made on different establishments, two hundred and seventy being now under the management of the institution. The receipt of various contributions was announced, including £600 from Miss Onslow to provide a lifeboat, to be named the "Denzil and Maria Onslow"; and £50 annual subscription from the Independent Order of Odd-fellows (M.U.), in aid of the support of their lifeboat at Cleethorpes. The late Mrs. H. K. Holme Sumner, of Swaffham, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of Sutton, had each left the institution a legacy of £100. The meeting expressed deep regret at the lamented decease of Mr. Serjeant Cox and Mr. Delane, both of whom took considerable interest in the welfare of the Lifeboat Institution, and who were always ready to promote its great and national objects. Reports were read from the district inspectors of lifeboats to the institution. The proceedings then terminated.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

RICHARD WAGNER's *Lohengrin* was produced on Saturday last at Her Majesty's Opera, with a cast almost entirely new. Signor Fancelli resumed the rôle of Lohengrin, in which he has before appeared in London and elsewhere; and, although suffering from a cold, sang most of his music with power and charm of voice. Madame Pappenheim, for the first time in England, essayed the rôle of Elsa, which she has often before filled in America and on the Continent. She had to contend with recollections of those formidable rivals, Mmes. Nilsson and Albani—to say nothing of younger Elsas—and encountered a trying ordeal with considerable success. Strange to say, the voice of the able "dramatic" *prima donna* occasionally seemed deficient in power, and her best efforts were made in the narration of Elsa's Dream, the balcony solo in Act 2, and other passages of a poetical rather than declamatory character. Her acting was graceful, appropriate, and expressive, and did much to excuse her assumption of a girlish part, hardly suitable to her stately presence. We do not think the rôle of Elsa favourable to the display of Mme. Pappenheim's best qualities, although it must be admitted that she fills it with credit to herself, as an intellectual and sympathetic artist. Mme. Sinico, for the first time on any stage, essayed the thankless and difficult rôle of Ortruda, and acquitted herself well; singing the music conscientiously, and infusing intelligence into her acting. First appearances in their respective rôles were also made by Signor Pantaleoni (Telramondo), Mr. Conly (the King), and Mr. Pyatt (the Herald), and they discharged their duties efficiently, if not with striking success. The orchestral preludes to the first and second acts were excellently played, under the skilful direction of Signor Li Calsi. The choral music was not well executed: either the choristers were physically incompetent, or the rehearsals had been insufficient. The well-known eight-part chorus on the arrival of Lohengrin was disgracefully sung, and the chorus of Nobles in Act 2. was almost equally unsatisfactory. We must repeat that the management will be held gravely responsible unless better arrangements in the choral department are made next autumn.

The recent repetitions of Bizet's *Carmen* may claim notice on account of the fact that Mme. Marie Roze, who a fortnight back took the part of Carmen as substitute for Mlle. Minnie Hauk—at that time suffering from illness—has since then retained the rôle originally created in this country by Mlle. Hauk. We may suppose, therefore, that her impersonation is believed by the management to be preferable to that of her American comrade. We have on so many occasions testified to the vocal and dramatic abilities of Mme. Marie Roze, that we need hardly proclaim our desire to do full justice to her merits, and it is with regret we must say that she does not shine in the rôle of Carmen. Her inherent refinement disqualifies her for a representation of the abandoned gipsy, and she presents her under the guise of a suffering angel—more sinned against than sinning—instead of realising Prosper Mérimée's ideal of the selfish, impudent, reckless, spiteful, yet fascinating coquette of the gutter. Mme. Marie Roze did not merely soften the more



MR. W. HERBERT.

offensive tints of the character—she effaced them completely, and substituted the celestial blue of innocence for the vermilion of guilt. Her misconception of the character was observable directly she came on the stage in Act 1. She is supposed to be one of the hard-working and poorly-paid workers in the cigar factory; yet she made her appearance attired in costly satin and lace, and not only destroyed the congruity of the *mise en scène*, but discounted the effect of Carmen's next appearance, clad in the rich costume purchased at the cost of her infamy. That Mme. Roze sang the music with taste and expression will readily be credited. Had we not reason to believe that the high notes she occasionally introduced were written for her by the composer—with whom she studied the part—we should complain of these interpolations which produced an incongruous effect in conjunction with the mezza-soprano music. Comparisons are best avoided, and it will not be advisable to point out in what

respects the Carmen of Mme. Roze appears to us to be inferior to the impersonations of the character by some of her contemporaries. It will be sufficient to say that we think the part unsuited to her, and would prefer to see her in those other characters which she has this season filled with credit to herself and advantage to the management.

During the past week repetitions have been given of works produced earlier in the season, and this régime appears likely to prevail until the closing performance is given on the 20th inst.

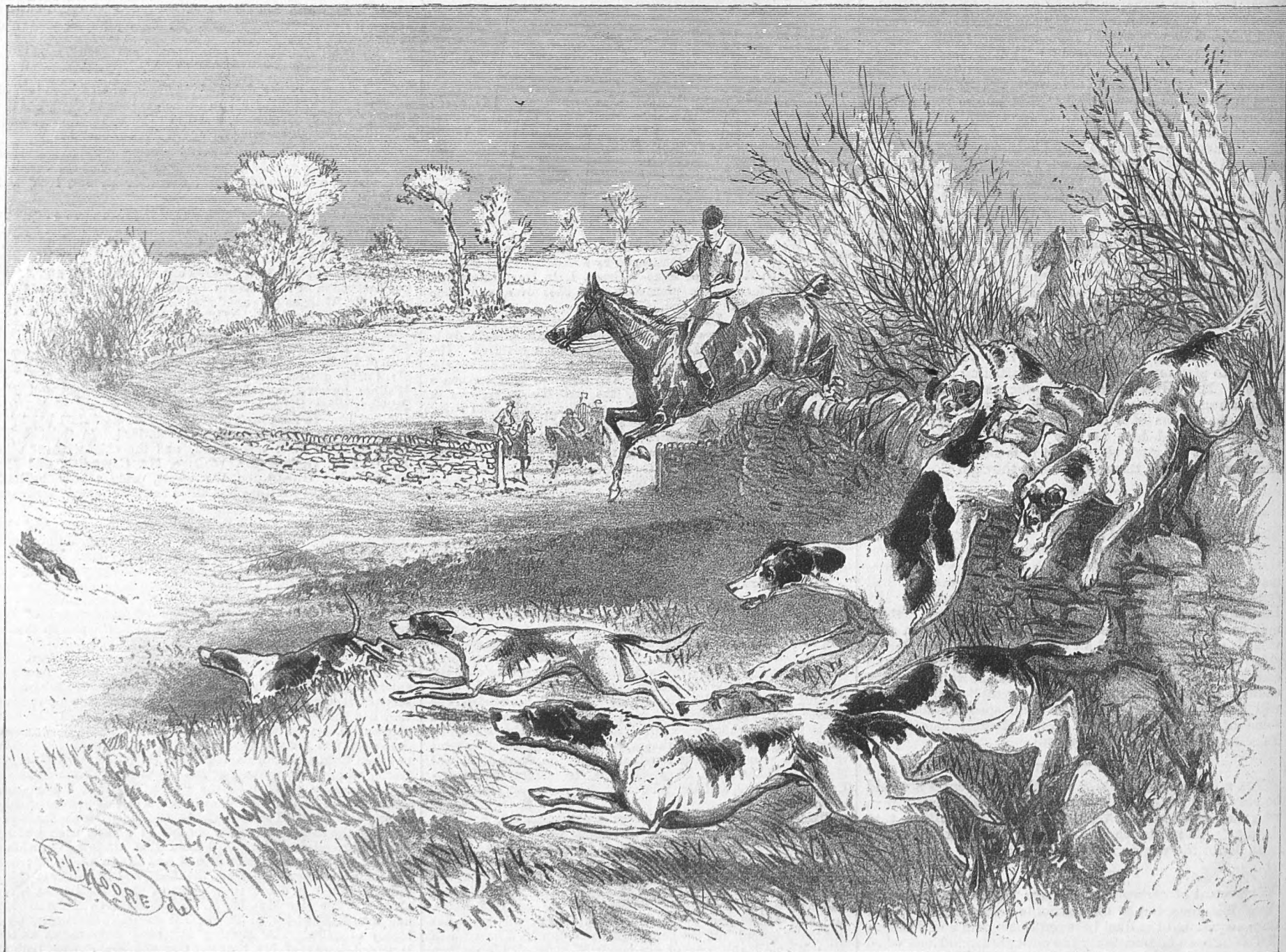
THE programme of the last MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT included Haydn's quartett in E major, Op. 17, No. 1 (first time at these concerts), played by Mme. Norman Neruda, MM. Ries, Zerbina, and Piatti; Beethoven's sonata in F sharp, Op. 78 (Mr. Charles Hallé); Locatelli's violoncello sonata in D major (Signor Piatti); Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata (Mr. Halle and Mme. Neruda); and selections from Handel and Schubert, sung by Herr Henschel. A more attractive programme could hardly be desired, but it must strike everyone how completely native art was ignored.

MESSRS. CARRODUS AND HOWELL on Thursday last gave the second of their three Subscription Chamber Concerts at the Beethoven Rooms, too late for further notice this week. The programme included Beethoven's string trio in D, Op. 9, two violoncello solos by Lackner (Mr. Howell) and the quartett in A minor (Op. 51, No. 2), by Brahms, while English art was represented by Mr. E. Prout's pianoforte quartett in C (Op. 2), played by MM. Henry Thomas Carrodus, Burnett, and Howell—artists who need not fear comparison with any of their foreign rivals. Mrs. Patey was announced as vocalist.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY recommenced its operations at Exeter Hall last night, when Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was announced for performance, with the aid of Mmes. Sherrington, Wigan, and Elton, MM. Lloyd, Montem Smith, and Bridson. Organist, Mr. Willing; conductor, Sir Michael Costa. This is the last season of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, which will not be licensed for music next year. It is to be hoped that the venerable society which, with all its faults, has kept alive a reverence for sterling music, may next year find a suitable home; but every one endowed with common sense must rejoice that Exeter Hall, with its want of proper conveniences for egress in case of fire, will no longer be used as the gathering place of the large audiences by whom the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society are usually attended.

THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS pursue the even tenor of their successful way, without presenting anything to call for special criticism. They are the best of their kind, and justly deserve the large patronage they attract. For the concert on Wednesday next a number of eminent artists are engaged.

THE SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION gave their third public concert at St. James's Hall last night, assisted by Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brinley Richards. This young society is one of the most flourishing among our suburban musical institutions, and has already put by the sum of £500 towards a fund for building a hall for its concerts and meetings. The conductor, Mr. Leonard C. Venables, has shown remarkable skill in training his choir, and is not content with teaching them to sing tunes by ear—parrot fashion—but makes



BREAKING COVER.

them sight-singers. We hope to be able to record the success of this concert in our next impression.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY announce a performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, at the Albert Hall, on Thursday next. Chief vocalists, Mmes. A. Williams, C. Clelland, and Cummings; Mr. Maas, Mr. Kearton, and Herr land, and Cummings; organist, Dr. Stainer; conductor, Mr. Barnby; band and chorus of 1,000, and the band of the Coldstream Guards.

At the SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT to be given this afternoon at St. James's Hall, the artists will be Mesdames Janotha and Norman Neruda; M. M. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; vocalist, Mr. Santley.

HERR JOACHIM will re-appear at the Monday Popular Concerts in February next, and will remain to the end of the season, as usual.

Edipus at Colonus, with Mendelssohn's music, will be performed on Thursday next at the Town Hall, Barnet, by Mr. H. Beighton, and the party of amateurs whose performance of the work some time back at Highbury was very favourably noticed in our columns. The choruses will be sung by a choir of 30 basses and tenors, under the leadership of Mr. J. P. Leech, and the general conductor will be Mr. R. F. Brion, A.R.A.M. A special train will leave for King's-cross at the conclusion of the concert.

A CONCERT was given in Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening

last by the Temperance Choral Society in aid of the building fund of the London Temperance Hospital, and a large audience assembled to testify their appreciation of the object. The Temperance Choral Society is a well-trained body of vocalists, and gave a selection of glees and part songs with good effect, under the conductorship of Mr. James A. Birch. Several well-known artists assisted the society, amongst whom were Mrs. Osgood, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Thurley Beale. Mrs. Osgood was encored in both her songs, "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Haydn), and a new song composed expressly for her, entitled "Two by two," by Nicola Ferri, in which she was accompanied by the composer. Both words and music are gracefully written, and, from the manner in which it was received, most likely to become popular. Mr. C. S. Jekyll was the conductor.

At Mr. Barton McGuckin's wedding on Saturday last with Miss Hume, at St. Saviour's Church, Paddington, a march was played by Mr. Albert McGuckin, and on the conclusion of the ceremony Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" by Mr. Henry Gadsby.

It is proposed to continue the Burton Hunt by subscription. It is not expected that any difficulty will be experienced in obtaining a master, provided the pecuniary support promised is sufficient.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

UNLIKE the old courtier, Le Beau, in *As You Like It*, "my mouth" is not "full of news" this week; but I must do my level best, as our American cousins say, to find some sort of chit-chat with which to fill up my usual letter, and mayhap, like Le Beau, I may as well start with the sport he was most interested in, viz., wrestling.

Not feeling inclined to go in pursuit of the various hare and hounds clubs, or up the river, I on Saturday afternoon wended my way to Kensal Green, where in the enclosure attached to the well-known holstery, called King William the Fourth, two fine exponents of "wrestling," W. Seaward and Dick Forster, were to try conclusions, the best of three falls in the Cornwall and Devon style, or rather were to decide the final fall, as a fortnight previously the match had been commenced, when each obtained one. The encounter was a sharp one, and resulted in favour of Forster at the third attempt. In the first instance he tried the "knock over the knee," and then essayed the "lock," but both times the award of the referee was "dog fall"; however, upon getting together again a sharp tussle resulted in Forster, by the aid of the "inside lock," getting his "three pins" fairly, and very nearly four. The actual time of "play" was 8min 30secs.

Jabez Chapman wants to wrestle the French Champion, or any man in the world at 9st, for 25 sovs a-side.

Several cross country packs were busy in the Metropolitan



HOME FROM HUNTING.—A FOGGY NIGHT.

district on Saturday; the Railway Clearing House Harriers had a four miles handicap run over their steeplechase course, G. B. Andrews, 3min start, winning easily by five yards from S. W. Stevens, 2min 45sec, he being a like distance in front of the third man, A. S. Davis, the winner's time being 25 minutes; the South London Harriers indulged in what they called a handicap meeting at the Balham A. C. Grounds, when three of those competitions were decided, T. W. Simmonds, 35yds, winning the Quarter in 53½sec; E. Lewis, 1min 45sec, the Two Miles walk, in 17min 37sec, and W. W. Davis, 10sec start, the Five Miles Handicap in 27min 15sec. The Finsbury Rifles also held two members handicaps, distance 150 Yards and One Mile, Leach, 13yds, taking the former, and Amsden, 115yds, the latter, and the Westbourne A.A.C. decided a One Mile Handicap at Stonebridge Park, Hancock, 25yds, proving the victor; whilst the Finchley Harriers, Highgate Harriers, and Isledon Harriers, with whom the Clapton Beagles and Ibis Harriers were amalgamated for the afternoon, had ordinary runs.

Upon the authority of the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle* I may state that "Choppy" Warburton and W. Cummings are matched at four miles and six miles against time. The first event takes place at Preston on Christmas Day, and the six miles at Cob Wall, Blackburn on New Year's Day, being for a bet of £25 aside and a cup value £25. Each man runs against the watch on the same day, the one doing the distance in the fastest time to be the winner. Does "Choppy" think by this arrangement to still continue an amateur? I know they strain a point or two if required in the North; but this little subterfuge will scarcely wash even at a North country or Welsh meeting.

Next Friday, December 5, the annual dinner of the London A. C. takes place at the Criterion, when Messrs. Waddell are to be presented with a testimonial. They deserve it, as to them is due the credit of having resuscitated the club when in very queer street. I shall have something to say about the dinner next week.

Matters aquatic have been in the busiest states since my last, as three sculling events have been decided on the Thames, besides College tours at Cambridge, &c. On Saturday D. Godwin and Lewis Gibson contested a race for 50 sovs. over the championship course, and a grand struggle it was, as was after a ding-dong race the whole of the distance Godwin, who is a member of the Plough Rowing Club, just won by a couple of lengths in 29min 5secs. Spencer v. Tarryer for 100 sovs. a-side on Monday over the same course was far from as satisfactory an affair as could have been desired, as it was palpable that something was radically wrong with Tarryer, who never could make his opponent extend himself; in fact, although Spencer only won by three lengths, in 25min 26sec, the race was all over after the first half a dozen strokes. The third match was a trifling affair, S. Dolphin and D. Silver, of the St. John's and Anchor rowing clubs, sculling from Putney Aqueduct to the Barnes Railway Bridge for a modest "five" a-side, Silver winning all the way by four lengths. Rather a joke occurs over this little match; the referee, who represented a sporting journal, was told the wrong names. He gave the loser as the winner, and so inserted it in his paper, and a contemporary copied it. Now the laugh comes in. On the day the latter was issued, a correction appeared in the former; *verb. sap.* Strange to state

something similar happens over the Spencer v. Tarryer match. One paper states that the latter rowed in a boat built by J. Clasper, and contradicts it in the next issue. The other again has the error.

Several college races were decided at Cambridge on Saturday. Mayor's crew won the Lady Margaret Fours, Greenwood's the Trinity Hall Fours, Pierson's the Peterhouse trial eights, whilst the Fours and Eights of Christ's College were won respectively by Dove's and Jamieson's crews.

Cambridge University trial eights are to be rowed to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon on the Thames, the crews being as follows:—No. 1. Gridley, Third Trinity (bow); 2. P. L. Jones-Bateman, Clare; 3. W. Barton, Lady Margaret; 4. J. H. Gubbins, First Trinity; 5. C. N. Armytage, Jesus; 6. A. Nimmo, First Trinity; 7. E. F. Weldon, Caius; W. W. Baillie, Jesus (stroke); Woodhouse, Trinity Hall (cox.). No. 2. G. M. Kingston, L.M.B.C. (bow); 2. White, First Trinity; 3. Prior, Queen's; 4. F. W. Atkin, Jesus; 5. P. A. Roden, Caius; 6. Warlow, Queen's; 7. J. A. Watson-Taylor, Magdalene; R. D. Davis, First Trinity (stroke); Clarke, Lady Margaret (cox.).

Trinity Hall, Cambridge, fours were rowed on Monday, Simpson's crew beating Milnes's, and G. G. Coulton and his partners won the St. Catherine's eights anyhow from Elliott and Co.

Oxford University trial eights are definitely fixed for Saturday, over the Metropolitan course, at 3 o'clock. Crews:—No. 1.—R. H. F. Poole, Brasenose (bow); S. Sandbach, University; T. G. Gardiner, Brasenose; H. W. Pattenden, New; R. S. Kinders-

ley, Exeter; F. H. Capron, University; H. W. Disney, Hertford; H. B. Southwell, Pembroke (stroke); A. B. Roxburgh, Pembroke (cox). No. 2.—R. A. Pinckney, Exeter (bow); L. R. West, Christ Church; A. W. Upcott, Exeter; C. G. Thomas, Oriel; G. M. Hargreaves, Keble; A. W. Wickens, Balliol; H. M. Robinson, New; D. E. Brown, Hertford (stroke); C. W. Hunt, Corpus (cox).

Thanks to the able management of E. L. Walker, the hon. sec., and his assistant hon. sec., F. Hughes, the Railway Clearing House A.C. assault of arms last Monday was a great success. Where everyone is doing his best, it is invidious to give names and particularize; it was a show, not a contest, and about as good a one as we have had this season.

Next Wednesday and Thursday the annual display of the German Gymnastic Society takes place at their Gynasium. It is needless for me to say more, the excellency of their yearly show being too firmly established.

Billiards are livening up. To-morrow (Thursday) Mitchell, the winner of the recent Aquarium Tournament, plays a game of 750 up at billiards, and best of seven games of pyramids, against George Collins, at the Crown and Cushion, London Wall, Mr. Medworth having opened a new saloon; whilst throughout the whole of next week an American Tournament is to be decided at Mr. R. Day's, the Baynard Castle, Queen Victoria-street, when the following players compete:—Joseph Bennett, scratch; T. Taylor, G. Collins, F. Bennett, and W. Mitchell, 50 points each; D. Richard and G. Hunt, 110; and John Roberts, sen., 130. I fancy Joseph Bennett's chance much with Mitchell and Roberts, sen., dangerous. Fred. Bennett has the management, which is quite sufficient guarantee.

Football has been much interrupted of late, and is likely to be more so judging by the state of the weather. Cambridge University and Manchester was played on the St. John's College Grounds on Saturday, and the Blues won by a goal against a try and a touch-down. However, the Monday contests between the representatives of Cottonopolis and Oxford University, and the Inter-University match at Kennington Oval this afternoon, had to be postponed.

Some good matches were played in the provinces: Cheetham beat Ambleside by a goal, three touch-downs, and a touch in goal to two touch-downs; Kirkstall, Keighley by two goals, five tries, and nine touch-downs to one goal and a touch-down; Rochdale Hornets, Bolton by one try, one touch-down, and one touch in goal to a disputed try, a touch-down, and a touch in goal. The principal contests, however, were those between the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, which the former placed to their credit by one goal, two tries, and a touch-down to a try and five touch-downs; Birmingham v. Sheffield, which ended in a draw, two goals each, and Darwen v. Stoke-on-Trent, which also ended in a tie, at one goal each.

In the Metropolitan district, Maidenhead beat Henley in the second round of the Association Cup ties by three goals to one.

Curling is naturally much more fashionable than any sport at the present moment, if I except skating. The Malton Club on Tuesday had a rare game; those well-known turfites, W. I'Anson, *perc et fils*, captained the two teams. The "old-man" who was assisted by C. Lund, J. Douglas, and Captain Rideout, winning by one point; the other side being composed of I'Anson, jun., E. Rawlinson, J. Read, and W. Roberts. They played again on Wednesday two more games, the veteran, winning both by 13 to 11 and 13 to 9 respectively.

Blackley La Crosse Club proved too much for Heaton Mersey on Saturday, the latter suffering defeat by three goals to one.

That once famous oarsman, Joe Sadler, is having a rare run of "hard lines"; when a testimonial was raised for him, a friend (?) appropriated the greater portion of the proceeds; in the spring of the present year he received severe injuries at the hands of a lunatic who was under his charge, which incapacitated him from following his duties; and to wind up, on Monday at the Spencer and Tarryer match he dropped his purse. Poor "Joe" has a wife and far too many olive branches to be able to weather such an accumulation of misfortune, and friends will be acting the part of such if they forward a Christmas box addressed to him, "care of Harry Kelly, Putney."

EXON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS LITTON AS MISS HARDCASTLE.

The charming artist whose portrait adorns our front page deserves double thanks, as actress and manageress. The credit of an attempt to do sound and good work on behalf of the best interests of dramatic art must be cordially awarded to Miss Litton, whose carefully-considered revivals of old comedies have done so much to raise the status of the Imperial Theatre. Good as Miss Litton is in modern comedy, it is in these old plays that her own strength is most apparent. She seems to have made a special study of the periods in which the pieces were written, and in demeanour no less than in attire fulfils the necessities of the part with singular grace, finish, and delicate humour. Perhaps of all her assumptions that of Miss Harcastle, in Goldsmith's ever-fresh and delightful comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, is the most successful, and it is in this character that we have the pleasure of presenting her portrait. The picture, we may add, is from a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. W. HERBERT.

This excellent young actor was for some years in the British army, and served in H.M. 33rd Foot both at home and in India. He entered the dramatic profession in April, 1870, and made his first appearance in London at the Charing Cross Theatre (now the Folly), under the management of Miss Fowler. In August of the same year he was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and remained with them for four years, playing several important parts, and was the original "Arnold Brinkworth" in Wilkie Collins's drama, *Man and Wife*, performed at that theatre in February, 1873. At the conclusion of his engagement at the Prince of Wales's, he went on a provincial tour with Mrs. John Wood, with Mr. Byron's comedy, *The American Lady*, playing Harold Trivass, the part created in London by Mr. Byron. After this Mr. Herbert fulfilled short engagements with Mr. Horace Wigan at the Holborn and Mr. Burnand at the Opera Comique Theatres. At the Court Theatre he played in the successful comedy, *A Quiet Rubber*, with Mr. Hare. In October, 1876, he became a member of the Haymarket, his most successful impersonations during this engagement being Prince Philamir (*Palace of Truth*) and Tom Dexter (*Overland Route*). In June, 1877, he went with the Haymarket company on Mr. Buckstone's farewell tour of the provinces, which lasted six months. During this time Mr. Herbert appeared with success at all the principal towns in such leading characters as Charles Surface, Young Marlow, Captain Absolute, Prince Philamir, Pygmalion (*Pugmation and Galatea*), Dazzle, Tom Dexter, &c. On his return to London he fulfilled a short special engagement with Miss Ada Cavendish at the St. James's Theatre, playing Charles Surface. In January, 1878, Mr. Herbert joined Mr. Toole at the Globe Theatre, and acted in Mr. Byron's comedy, *A Fool and His Money*, having been selected by the author for the rôle of Percival Ransome. After this he was

engaged again by Mr. Hare, and went on a lengthened tour in the provinces, playing Squire Thornhill in *Olivia*. On his return to London he was re-engaged by Mr. Hare at the Court Theatre, where he made his re-appearance in January of this year, in his original character of Charles in the *Quiet Rubber*, and during the summer played as Henri de Flavigneul in *The Ladies' Battle* with admirable effect. In September Mr. Herbert was engaged by Messrs. James and Thorne, and made a most successful appearance at the Vaudeville Theatre, as Jack Wyatt, in Mr. Albery's comedy, *The Two Roses*. About Mr. Herbert's style there is a manliness and refinement which make his impersonations always welcome, and he has happily attained of late an ease of manner and absence of self-consciousness which add greatly to the artistic value of his performances.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

This is a likely place for cocks, and as the two sportsmen are returning home, one of the coveted prizes gets up from the thick undergrowth almost at their feet, for no bird lies so close as a woodcock. It is a tempting moment: for a charge at such short range would destroy the delicate bird, and if allowed a little grace the chances are that he may dodge round some bush or tree-trunk and disappear mysteriously. Whether it is the cunning of the bird, or merely a curious habit of flight it is quite certain that the creature seems to be making attempts to evade his enemy with the gun. He flies smoothly and quietly along, and appears for a moment to be the easiest of shots, when all of a sudden, at the moment when the marksman is on the very point of pulling the trigger, the bird changes his line, darting out of momentary danger with a swiftness which the moment before seemed incredible. What fate may be in store for the long-bill in the picture is problematical, but straight as a sportsman may usually hold his gun, there are always a good many chances in favour of a woodcock.

BREAKING COVER.

The hounds have very nearly chopped their fox in the covert, but he has slipped over the wall just in time, and they are now running hard to view, while the huntsman is scrambling over the wall, and if we could look in the covert we should find a good many of the field galloping down a ride to the gate; for a stiff mortared stone wall is not the sort of thing that many riders care about for a first fence. Things look awkward for the fox, but there is no saying what may happen, for many a fox has been more nearly caught and has escaped. He may turn round sharply and make his way along the ditch, while the eager hounds overrun him, and most likely he has a good idea of the geography of the country, or he would not have trusted himself so long in the covert which the hounds were drawing. There may be a convenient earth handy into which he may slip at the critical moment; but so far as things can be judged at present, if he is stout and plucky a run seems imminent.

A POSTPONEMENT.

We were on the point of saying that the frost spoils all sport. The remembrance of rosy-cheeked, fur-clad damsels, with shining skates in their hands as they walk briskly to the nearest skating ground, suggests, however, that there is at least one exception to the rule. But coursing is out of the question, and so, instead of the hoped-for day upon which these dogs were to distinguish themselves so greatly, they are taken out for exercise in their clothes, the business is postponed, and the hares live to run another day.

HOME FROM HUNTING.

The road at first seemed familiar as the rider turned his horse's head in the direction of home after a hard day. He recognises that plantation and that farm-house on the hill-side must have been the one he passed in the afternoon, when with a view to returning he had asked his friend and host (what can have become of him now?) a thoughtful question as to the locality. He last saw his companion as they rode into a covert through which it was necessary to pass in single file, and he had been trying to remember points upon the road, by which he has passed once or twice. His host's neighbours he knows pretty well, and that old red brick house does not belong to any of them. Where is he? If some one would only come along and give him a chance of asking, he might rouse his tired horse into a trot and get home in time for dinner yet; but no one comes in sight, and the winter twilight deepens into gloom. He is lost; there is no doubt about it; and while debating whether he had better push on and chance it, or put up at the nearest tavern, he comes upon what looks like a sign-post. It is one, and, as the only means of reading the inscription, he climbs up and stands upon the saddle. Alas! the weather beaten letters on the broken arm are totally illegible, and if he be wise he will resume his seat in the saddle, and, if only for the sake of the good horse, trot on steadily till the welcome light of some road-side inn promises shelter for himself and his companion. When he thinks of his friend's dinner-table he may for a moment mutter a word which on one occasion the captain of the Pinafore let out; but he will enjoy to-morrow's dinner all the more by its contrast to the tough chops, skinny chicken, and ill-boiled potatoes which are too probably now awaiting him at a house of entertainment scarcely prepared for a visitor.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

The artist has jotted down a few incidents from everyday life. The thin walls and the dog next door account for the angry face of the flautist. The young lady may be trusted to perform the mystic operation of playing her cards well without advice; she is, it may be justly feared, a flirt. The major provokes the smiles of his companions on the stage of the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room in consequence of the fact that his wig, an ornament which he flattered himself was wholly invisible, has fallen off, disturbed by the unaccustomed hat. The girl, who is comfortably reading over the fire, has sat down without removing the fur shoulder-piece (we do not know its name?) which ladies have recently adopted, and in this warm bed the kitten has comfortably nestled. The other sketches speak for themselves.

HUMOURS OF THE MONTH.

The special novelty which Mr. Stretch has introduced into his drawing this month is the picture of an ideal Mrs. Weldon "conducting herself." There is a joke here, which, however, Mr. Mortimer, of the *London Figaro*, who is in prison for publishing her libellous and wildly absurd attacks on persons of the highest character, will perhaps fail to see; nor will M. Rivière, who has also found his way into the law courts by reason of his transactions with this troublesome woman, quite relish the "humour"—we use the word advisedly, for a Shakespearean critic who has a paper in the current issue of the *Cornhill Magazine* says that "true humour has always a dash of pathos combined with it." Here, too, in addition to some seasonable sketches, is a portrait of Mr. Toole, and we may take the opportunity of heartily wishing a comedian to whom we all owe so

much laughter, as wholesome as hearty, a speedy delivery from his foe the gout. The allegorical sketch of somebody with supposititious characteristics of Shylock, &c., may be left to the taste and fancy of the spectator, who has the fullest liberty to interpret it just exactly as he likes best. Whether or not it contains a tip for next year's Derby, anyone who studies it for a couple of months will perhaps be able to ascertain for himself.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

From the cattle to the dogs—from the lowing and bleating, the grunting, the cackling, crowing, and cooing at Bingley Hall, to the barking, howling, yelping, and whining at the smaller and far noisier resort of the fancy at the top of Suffolk-street—it is but a step. All must admit that the twentieth annual dog show held by the National Society in the Curzon Exhibition Hall was numerous and excellent. Besides bloodhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, and other hounds; harriers and beagles; pointers, setters, retrievers, and spaniels; mastiffs, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands; bulldogs, bull terriers, and fox terriers; Dalmatians, Dachshunds, Dandie Dinmonts, pugs, poodles, and toy dogs of every description, there were several distinguished foreigners of the canine race, one of them being a native of Kandahar, and the only dog of his kind known to have been brought to Europe. This noteworthy animal, on whom the name of Shere Ali has been conferred, was exhibited by Captain Harthorne, of the much-talked-of and long-to-be-remembered "Kelat-i-Gilzie" regiment, and is an intended present to Her Majesty. Another very remarkable foreign dog, though not a stranger in every sense of the word, is Lady Emily Peel's Russian wolf-dog, who has made his appearance in public on two or three previous occasions. Norway and China are among the nations represented quadrupedally at the metropolis of the Midlands. But of course, all these visitors who look round them with the eyes of English sportsmen will leave to the merely curious an attentive consideration of these outlandish animals. Far more interesting to practical men will be the choice little pack of harriers entered *en masse* by the Earl of Pembroke, and the capital display of field-dogs by those distinguished lovers of sport who yearly support this interesting exhibition. There were altogether 975 dogs at Curzon Hall, the number being the same as last year's, and, indeed, the maximum rigidly set by the committee. In 1877 there were exactly a thousand animals, and these were found to be somewhat in excess of the accommodation which the building affords. So the total in 1878 was cut down by a quarter of a hundred, and the hall was as full as it could comfortably be. The varieties classified were not fewer than 47, the largest sections being fox-terriers and sheep dogs, each of which different breeds were represented by 96 specimens. Then came the pointers, of which there were 62; then the retrievers, to the number of 54; and then the English setters, mustering 49. Besides these exhibitors above-named are Prince Albert Solms, who contributes, though not with a repetition of his former success, to the St. Bernard class; the Duke of Westminster, Viscount Feilding, Sir George Prescott, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, Mr. G. de Landre Macdona, Mr. Mapplebeck, Mr. Shirley, M.P., and many more. A special feature of this year's show was an exhibition of guns and sporting implements, for the reception of which a temporary gallery had been thrown across the floor. The leading gunmakers in the town vied in furnishing this new department.

Our artist's drawings were made from the following exhibits:—

1. Class Fox Terriers—dogs (not exceeding 18 lbs.)—Exhibitor: Mr. Thomas Wootton. Breeder: The Rev. — Macdona. Jim. Age, 5 years. By champion Tyke—Vestal; Tyke, by Tartar—champion Nectar; Vestal, by Spot—Lord Hill's Trickster. Winner of 1st prize and five guinea cup, and Turner challenge vase, presented by Luke Turner, Esq., for the best champion Fox Terrier, Dublin, 1877; 1st, and Sir E. Lees' cup, for the best Fox Terrier in the show, Dublin, 1878; 1st and cup, at Manchester, Wolverhampton, Burton-on-Trent, and Blackburn (twice); 1st and gold medal, Blackburn; 1st and cup, at Farnworth, Preston, Waterloo, and Brinsall; 1st, at Newcastle-on-Tyne (twice), Bedlington (twice), Stockport, Chadderton, Great Harwood (twice), Leyland, Blackpool, Ormskirk, Clitheroe (twice), Padiham, and Jarrow-on-Tyne. £57 15s.

2. Pointers (large size) dogs (55 lbs and upwards)—Champion Class.—Exhibitor: Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price. Breeder: S. Price, Esq., Bow, Devon. Wagg. Age, 8 years and 8 months. By champion Sancho—Sappho. Divided Clinton Stakes at Devon Field Trials, 1874. Winner of 2nd prize, Exeter, 1873; 1st, Birmingham, 1874; 1st, Crystal Palace; 1st and cup, Exeter; 1st, Truro; 1st and cup, Nottingham; and 1st and cup, Birmingham, 1875; 1st, Crystal Palace; 1st, Brighton; 2nd, Exeter; and 1st and cup, Birmingham, 1876; champion, Birmingham; and champion, Alexandra Palace, 1877; 1st, Kendal; 1st, Oxford; champion, Crystal Palace; 1st, Cleckheaton; 1st and cup, Blaydon-on-Tyne; 1st, Darlington; 1st, Brighouse; 1st, Great Horton; 1st, Whitby; 1st, Thornton; 1st, Queensbury; 1st, Bingley; 1st, Skipton; 1st and cup, Todmorden; 1st, Wakefield; 1st, Farnworth; champion, Birmingham; champion, Alexandra Palace; and champion, Kendal, 1878; 1st and cup, Wolverhampton; 1st and cup, Stockport; champion, Dublin; 1st, Epworth; 1st and special cup, Hanover, Germany; 1st and special cup, Ripon; champion and special cup, Alexandra Palace; 1st and extra cup, Heckmondwike; 1st and cup, Cleckheaton; 1st, Darlington; 1st and extra cup, Brighouse; special cup and clock, Haley Hill; 1st, Whitby; 1st, Thornton, Bradford; 1st, Blackpool; 1st, Keithley; 1st and cup, Woodsome, Huddersfield; 1st, Halifax; 1st, Armlay; 1st and cup, Wortley; 1st and cup, Todmorden; champion, Bishop Auckland; and 1st, Farnworth, 1879. £250.

3. Class Otter Hounds, Dogs and Bitches.—Exhibitor and Breeder: Mr. J. C. Carrick. Danger. Age, 1 year and 10 months. By Lucifer—Countess; Lucifer, by Ringwood—Joyful; Countess, by Bowler—Ruby. Winner of 2nd prize, Darlington, 1879. £500.

4. Class Bull Dogs (large size), Dogs (exceeding 40 lbs.)—Exhibitor: Mr. David Stodhart Oliver. Breeder: Mr. J. W. Barrie. Monarch. Age, 1 year and 2 months. By Turton's Crib—breeder's Rose, by Sepoy—breeder's Nell. Winner of 1st prize, Bristol, 1879. £1,050.

5. English Setters, Dogs (except black and tan)—Exhibitor and breeder: Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn. Count Wind'em. Age, 2 years and 8 months. Winner of 1st prize, National Field Trials, Shrewsbury. £1,000.

6. Class Beagles, Dogs (height not exceeding 15 in.)—Exhibitor and Breeder: Mr. W. P. Smith. Marquis. Age, 7 months and 2 weeks. By Mr. F. Nevill's Merryman—Merrybell. £30.

7. Class Bloodhounds, Dogs.—Exhibitor: Mr. L. G. Morrell. Breeder: E. Reynolds Ray, Esq. Rollo (4751). Age, about 6 years and 4 months. By Roswell (58)—Peeress (46). Winner of 1st prize, Birmingham; and champion, Alexandra Palace, 1878, &c. £1,000.

8. Class Mastiffs Bitches.—Exhibitor: Dr. George Arthur Woods, F.R.M.S. Breeder: Sir Thomas Fermor Hesketh, Bart. Raunce. Age, 2 years and 5 months. By Hanbury's champion Rajah (2333)—breeder's Flora; Rajah, by Griffin—Phillis; Flora, by breeder's champion Nero—Flo. Winner of

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



I WONDER if the words of mine Ancient Pistol, "Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become?" ever cross the mind of managers who stray from the straight and narrow paths of artistic production, and wander into the pastures of licentious illegitimacy?



Mr. H. Saker as the decrepid King

—in other words, that go in for "the tall Titan," with huge limbs, certainly not at all more elaborately clothed than decency strictly requires? When Mr. Edgar Bruce opened the Royalty Theatre with Mr. Sims's comedy of *Crutch and Toothpick*, it will be remembered that the programme concluded with a feeble reproduction of a feeble musical piece

known as *The Zoo*, in which Mr. Bruce himself disported as a nobleman in disguise. It soon finished its little course, and was replaced by another piece of weak absurdity founded on an old farce. Though Mr. Bruce again disported himself in this venture, the unsympathetic audiences would have none of it, and it had to go to the wall. Now for an entire revolution in the matter! Up to this point all is decorous and seemly—no dress is lifted over the ankle, and the young ladies engage themselves in singing their music and attending to their duties, instead of leering at the occupants of stall and box. But if the public will not have this parade of virtuous art, a manager must live, and to live his theatre must thrive. So Mr. Bruce, that oracle of theatrical venture, ordered the decks cleared for action, and the tall Titan engaged forthwith to strip herself and enact a piece of the seductive title of *Venus*. Harry Crutch and Charlie Toothpick immediately recognised the sensibility of the manager, and came to his support. Here there was success, and Mr. Bruce (whom I believe would like to be considered a man of respectable artistic taste) began to prosper under the influence of a leg show, and the advantages of a theatre that is sufficiently small to allow of friendly recognitions between the ladies on the stage and the gentlemen in the stalls and boxes. Even such a high-class dramatic flight as *Venus* could not reasonably be expected to last for ever, and the time arrived when it became necessary to supply Harry Crutch and Charlie Toothpick with something fresh, and to strip the tall Titan to another tune. *Balloonacy*, a musical extravaganza, is therefore put into rehearsal. *Balloonacy* is the joint work of Mr. F. C. Burnand and Mr. H. P. Stephens. That such a work should require the services of more than one author may easily be



Mr. Phillip Day as "a Toff"

gathered from the intricate nature of the production witnessed by a large and representative audience on Monday. The piece was advertised for 9.30, and was to succeed immediately the conclusion of *Crutch and Toothpick*. 9.30 came, and the band commenced to bang away at some music that gave a tone of gaffishness to the proceedings. Woe betide the good people that had sat out the comedy, for a long and weary wait was before them before the banging of the overture would give place to the rising of the curtain. It is not to be expected that on first nights the performance of an elaborate extravaganza should be quite the smoothest thing in the world, but it would be well to have a slight command over the reins of management. Knots of first night playgoers and critics hung about the saloon, and waited for the ringing up of the tardy curtain. At last it did go up, and the various ladies and gentlemen engaged commenced to attempt to unravel the extraordinary conundrum entrusted to them. A voyage in a balloon on the part of the principal characters brought them through a series of very solid and refractory clouds, and finally dropped them in a strange land. Here the great blocks of cloud gave way to a scene of dazzling light, in which Mr. H. Saker, as the decrepid King, was discovered surrounded by his Court, which was represented by a host of most ingeniously undressed women. The ladies of whom the exhibition is mainly composed seem rather to enjoy it; and I am by no means absolutely certain that they all studiously refrained from acknowledging the smirks and oglings of the gilded ones, who occupied side boxes or front stalls. It ought to be admissible in such extreme cases that these sweet creatures might, when it was possible, shake hands across the footlights, or at least blow kisses to their admirers. But I think the manager ought to draw the line at dressing a little mite of a girl in the exact imitation of the largest of the Titans, and causing her, for the sake of contrast—"dramatic contrast," I suppose—to follow this lady. Surely to heaven the little parcel of innocence will learn soon enough without being forced into a knowledge which is as unfit for her age in its effects as for her health, considering that the hour was close on midnight. Take her out, Mr. Bruce, in time to procure an engagement amongst creatures of her own age and innocence in some neighbouring pantomime, and I am sure you will find a larger one to take her

place willingly for quite as moderate terms. Mr. Saker, who played a decrepid old king, had one dash of ironical humour in his make-up that might be open to dissertation from a moralist—if such an one finds his way to the stalls of the Royalty. I have not got a programme, and I don't know the particulars of what seemed, in



the hands of my neighbour in the next stall, to be rather a long and elaborate document—it was not longer or more elaborate than the extravaganza it referred to. The leading comedian in the piece had to depend upon shaking his hat by a peculiar movement of the skull for the laughter he craved. This became monotonous after a few hours. Mr. Philip Day commenced his performance in a suit of what are known as "Toff" clothes; it was a marvel of the tailor's skill, especially about the trousers, and it was with regret that I found he abandoned the garments after the first scene. I do not know whom the ladies were who took speaking parts, and I don't want to. Their singing was bad, and their acting worse. At midnight the curtain went down, but not until most of the audience had gone or were going out. I do not know whether an enthusiastic pair of hands in the pit that approved of everything remained to demand the appearance of the authors, but if they did I don't fancy the authors came. Much can be done by pruning and cutting, and no doubt the piece is much improved by this time in consequence of a vigorous slicing. I hope, amongst other things, that little child has been sent home to bed before the scene with the flesh-pots is produced.

ALMANACKS, &c.—Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, as usual, issue a most conveniently arranged assortment of diaries, calendars, blotting-pads, &c. The diaries are specially useful, for serviceable information is compressed into small space, and clearly arranged; pages are interleaved with blotting-paper, and all sorts of conveniences are introduced.—Messrs. Poulton and Sons send some pretty cards, chiefly hand-painted on platinotype photographs, a process by which good results are obtained.—Mr. Rimmel issues his always popular almanacks and cards, the former being this year made up of a series of the heroes and heroines of *opera bouffe*.—Mr. F. D. Butler sends some sheets of Twelfth Night characters, "aiming at a revival of the long-disused custom of keeping Twelfth Night as a festival for the young." One series is called medley, and represents various types of strongly-marked character; and the other, and more ambitious, is the Shakespeare series. Miss Julia Pocock seems to us to have been very successful in some of her characters, but to have failed in others. Falstaff is as bad as he can be, for instance; Autolycus was not the saturnine creature that he is drawn, and Miss Pocock ought to have known that Othello would never have worn a turban in the days during which we see him as a general and governor. Some of the others are done with much ability and appreciation, however, as, for instance, Cleopatra, Katharine, Petruchio, Bassanio (though we are by no means sure that his dress is correct), Anne Page, Slender, and, we think best of all, Audrey and Beatrice. In some of them attitude and expression are very good indeed.

THE 31st annual exhibition of the Birmingham Agricultural Society opened in the Bingley Hall on Saturday under the most favourable auspices. One fact that contributes to the success of the present show is that the prohibition that cattle exhibited there should be excluded from the Islington Show has now been removed. There is, accordingly, a larger number of entries of cattle than usual, but sheep and pigs do not come up in quite such full force. There is a larger show of roots than has ever previously been witnessed in the Midland counties, and there is also a good show of poultry, the exhibits numbering 2,900. The Queen takes the second prize for Hereford heifers not exceeding four years old, Mr. William Taylor, of Ledbury, taking the first. Mr. John Wortley, of Skipton, Norwich, has been awarded the first prize both for Hereford oxen and Hereford steers. Mrs. Edward Wintercroft, of Lominster, won the first prize for Hereford cows. Mr. Walter, M.P., has received the first prize for Devon oxen and steers, and also for Devon cows or heifers.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal and distinguished guests staying at Sandringham intended to have joined the West Norfolk Hunt at Gayton Thorpe on Tuesday, but the frost was so severe that hunting was impossible.

VETERINARIAN.

No. 6.—HYGIENE. (Continued).

In our last we drew attention to the fact that there must be a judicious choice of food made on behalf of the horse, so that it may contain a due proportion of the various elements which go to supply the waste of his system. Now we come to another condition of a healthy diet, namely—

2. It must have a certain sapidity or flavour.

In our own case cooking and condiments play an important part in imparting flavour to our articles of diet, but with the exception of the farm horses of Scotland, and a very few other isolated cases, cooked food, with or without condiments, is an exception, and, in passing, we may say that it is well that this is so, for boiled food plays a very conspicuous part in a heavy death rate among Scotch farm horses, which frequently die from shock, or from bowel apoplexy after a hurried ingestion of a ponderous quantity of soft, tasty boiled food. Condiments, too, are unfortunately rare phenomena in our stables, though they might be often introduced with advantage during convalescence after acute, wasting diseases. Sapidity or flavour is a very important quality of food—in this way: that it provokes a copious supply of the secretions, such as the saliva, which are indispensably necessary to the dissolving of the food by the alimentary organs; besides this, flavour provokes appetite and enables an animal to eat sufficient to satisfy the natural wants of the system. Diversity of flavours, so much aimed at in our cookery, is not necessary even to us, and is often injurious. The reason of its existence and cultivation is that when the nerves of the palate have conveyed one impression for a time, perhaps for ten minutes, they either cease to convey this impression, or they convey it too feebly to give pleasure; whilst the same nerves will convey a different or changed impression, if they get the chance, hence our varied "courses." Horses and men leading active lives can eat sufficient of one food or set of flavours to satisfy the animal needs, although less than two flavours are seldom used in either case. In the case of the horse he has nearly always the flavour of his hay, corn, and water, or at least his hay and water, for water has a most pleasing flavour when good, although the schoolboy has water defined for him as a liquid "without colour, taste, or smell;" and for purposes of contrast, that is, for developing other flavours—as Sir Henry Thompson has recently explained—water is unequalled by any fluid, because, unlike many other fluids, such as wine and alcoholic drinks, it does not wear the sharp edge off the nerves of the palate, but actually refreshes these nerves, and renders them yet more sensitive to impressions.

Flavour and aroma are often coincident qualities and frequently arise from the same cause, so much so that aroma is practically a good test of a food's sapidity or flavour; hence the value of the hay buyer's nasal organs in his transactions. When the substance or substances which give hay its aroma have been destroyed by a wet season, or a too hasty stacking of the hay has heated it and masked, if not destroyed, the aroma by the burnt smell which it has imparted, the buyer wisely refuses the offer because the wet which has washed out the substances which impart the aroma—the buyer reasons—may have, most likely will have, washed out the nutrient matter also, and there may be nothing left but the non-nutritious hay fibre, which is to good hay what an Egyptian mummy is to the living Egyptian. Many aromas are only developed during mastication—oats for example. In these cases the investment of the food keeps in the aroma until it is broken by the teeth.

3. Food must be adapted as regards quantity and quality to the amount of work to be done by the animal.

This third condition of a healthy diet we need dwell little upon, as most practical horse owners know, often to their cost, that this condition must be complied with. Grooms and horse feeders are so fond of stuffing horses with food without thinking of the necessities of the case or of the consequences of their acts, that masters are for ever being victimised by thoughtlessness or wilfulness. When an intelligent groom sets about "conditioning" a horse, he has to get as much food consumed, work or no work, as he can; but in thus forcing matters he takes care by use of certain drugs, such as aperients, to moderate the effects. Sunday is an unfortunate day for many if not most horse owners, where their horses are working hard all the week and entirely resting on the seventh day. The horse's system in such cases is so accustomed

to have the food or fuel consumed by the animal's powers through six days, that the unprovided-for surplus of the idle day is turned towards other channels and acts as a foreign body. In the heavy breeds of horses—notably those of a gross, or lymphatic temperament—the superfluous nourishment causes a "shot of weed." When the stableman enters the stable on a Monday morning he finds one of the hind legs, from top to toe, enormously swollen, and the horse in great pain, and breathing hurriedly. The cause of this is so well understood that a "shot of weed" (inflammation of the absorbents of a limb) has come to be called "Monday morning disease." In lighter and better breeds sudden superfluity of nourishment does not manifest itself through the absorbents of a limb. In them the skin is attacked and becomes "itchy," especially the skin of the extremities, the hind extremities more especially, and there is much rubbing of the parts. If, at these times, there be any crack in the skin, as there often is at the heels, the crack becomes inflamed and angry, and the foundation is laid for a lasting troublesome sore. Suppose that the superfluity of nourishment does not fly to the absorbents or to the skin, the viscera of the chest or abdomen may suffer, and we may have colic or pneumonia. If a horse in high condition, however, be subjected to a sudden superfluity of food, and for not too long a time, his muscles are equal to the occasion, and adopt the nourishment, and we have a "fresh" horse to bring out of the stable. All the above taken together point to one conclusion: That whilst horses in hard condition and well bred can stand a day's stuffing, or perhaps more, we should be careful and limit the feeding of gross-feeding and more weakly subjects. The quality must also be taken into account. When a horse is doing very easy work, such as drawing an almost empty cart for a few hours a day at a slow rate of speed, or an amount of work equivalent to this, hay and water, with one feed of corn a day, is quite sufficient. Bulk of food the horse must have, but its quality need not be of a highly nutritious, stimulating kind. On the other hand, when the work is a continued and heavy draught on the physical powers, four feeds of oats, or—what is better—three feeds of oats with good beans are not too many per diem. With food highly charged with stimulating materials, such, for instance, as good English beans, the system must not only be exposed to the effects of hard work, but the internal organs must be in good order.

4. Diet must be adapted as regards quality to the climate. This is, perhaps, the least important condition of a healthy diet with vegetarians; especially is it so with the vegetarians we are discussing. Almost the only difference made in their diet to suit the seasons is the substitution of green meat during hot weather for the more stimulating, heat-producing oats and hay, &c., of the remaining seasons of the year. In very cold weather though we too often overlook the heat-producing qualities of good oil-cake. We say good oil-cake, for there is hardly any food more adulterated. Horses that are much exposed to cold, such as cab horses and doctors' horses, ought to be fed very largely on oil-cake in very cold weather. Horses that have to gallop fast, however, cannot be indulged very largely in oleaginous foods on account of the increased work these foods throw upon the liver, which may become sluggish and interfere with the circulation and respiration. Alcohol is a transient heat-producer when given in small quantities. A horse coming into the stable after being long exposed to cold and wet is quickly warmed with a quart of warm ale or a stiff glass of grog. Alcohol as an animal heat-producer resembles shavings, paper, or matchwood as ordinary heat producers in the facility with which it burns; but like them it is transient in its effects. In thus using it we must be careful not to give an overdose, as nothing lowers the temperature of the body more surely than large quantities of alcohol.

(To be continued.)

MADAME MARIE ROZE is studying the part of Lucrezia Borgia.

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NEWS ITEMS.

SPIERS AND POND'S CRITERION ANNEXE, PICCADILLY.—The Criterion was opened six years ago, and instead of being found too large, as was generally predicted, has proved to be not nearly large enough. The site of some adjoining shops was, therefore, secured; the architect of the Criterion, Mr. Verity, was consulted, and upon his plans the present building, the Criterion Annexe, was erected. It is now designed to introduce certain new features into the business, and to improve upon and develop others that have already received much approval and support from the public. The new buildings include the Café on the ground floor (entrance through the Criterion Buffet), comprising the American Bar, and the Vienna Bier Saal, the nature of which will be at once apparent, the New Grill, from which the usual viands will be served, and the Oyster Bar. As smoking will be permitted here at all hours of the day, and as the principal features of the Department are such as especially appeal to gentlemen, it has been decided to reserve the Café, American Bar, and Vienna Bier Saal exclusively for gentlemen. A want which has long been felt is met by the opening of Masonic Rooms, designed and furnished exclusively for lodges, banquets, and other Masonic functions. "Where to dine?" is a perplexing query in many lodges, and Messrs. Spiers and Pond suggest an answer. In addition to all this, there is a fine Hall over the Masonic Rooms, and comfortable suites of private rooms for dinners, meetings, &c.

On the 3rd of last month an ancient ceremony—once held in high honour among Scotchmen, and loyally approved by Sir Walter Scott—was celebrated at Chantilly in France, upon the recurrence of St. Hubert's Day. The splendid pile of stables, capable of holding two hundred horses, still exists to show that Chantilly, once the home of the great Condé, had from the first been specially dedicated to "horse and hound," and the Duc d'Aumale, now that he is restored to the ancestral possessions of his race, is little likely to have forgotten that the traditions of "La Chasse," as it flourished in the days of "Le Grand Monarque," still cling to the green alleys and limpid streams which abound in the neighbouring forest. At four o'clock on the morning of November the 3rd the Duc d'Aumale and his guests assembled in the parish church of Chantilly to celebrate what is called the "Mass and Blessing of the Dog on St. Hubert's Day." The chief huntsman, Hourvari, was in attendance with the hound Rabagas—the oldest member of the Duc d'Aumale's pack—in the leash. As the old dog was gravely seated upon the altar-step he was not a little surprised to have the holy water dashed over his ears and neck, and still more perplexed as to the meaning of the Orleans cockade which was attached to his throat. But when, upon the elevation of the host, the six huntsmen sounded the blast of St. Hubert, it "was borne in upon" Rabagas—to use the phrase employed by the author of "Rab and his Friends"—that he was assisting at a ceremonial, which, somehow or other, had reference to that "chasse" with which his whole life had hitherto been associated. The trusty hound bore himself accordingly with becoming decorum, and disdained to emulate the levity of his predecessor, Corbeau, who last year, upon a similar occasion, had so far forgotten himself as to devour a wax candle. The ceremony and the breakfast—the latter being, to the full, as important as the former—having been completed, the Duc d'Aumale and his three hundred guests hunted a stag, and, after a fine chase, killed him in a pond.

The annual exhibition of the prize drawings by the students of the Female School of Art is announced to take place at 43, Queen-square, W.C., on Friday, the 5th, and Saturday, the 6th inst., from ten to three, and on Friday evening, the 5th, from seven to nine.

The Duke of Buccleuch has thrown open Ditton Park, Datchet, for the use of skaters.

The first burlesque to be produced at the Olympic will be entitled "The Hunchback Back Again." It will be from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand.

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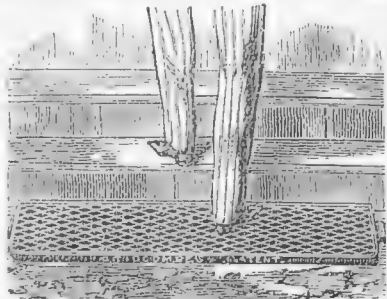
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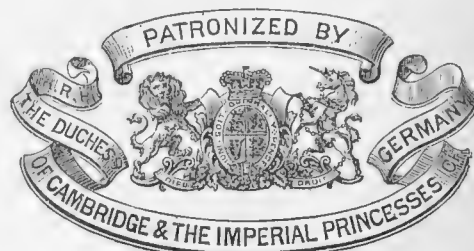
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LANCASTRIAN, a brown colt, 3 years old, by Toxophilite out of Liverpool's dam, her dam Clarissa by Pantaloon grandam by Glencoe out of Frolic.
GLENCAIRN, a bay colt, 3 years old, by Cremorne out of Quicksand by Touchstone out of Celerity.
ELF KING, a brown colt, by Joskin out of Queen Mab by Lambton out of Blancha by Birdcatcher.
GILDEROY, a brown colt, by Pell-Mell out of Highland Lassie by Caterer or Stockwell her dam Glengowrie by Touchstone out of Glencairne by Sultan.
STRATHVAICH, a grey colt, 2 years old, by Strathcanan out of Poinsettia by Y. Melbourne her dam Lady Hawthorn by Windhound out of Alice Hawthorn by Muley Moloch.
CAROLINE, a bay filly, 2 years old, by Musket out of Carine by Stockwell out of Mayonaise by Teddington—Picnic by Glaucus.
GUID WIFE, a chestnut filly, 2 years old, by Cremorne out of Lady Mary by Orlando out of Splitvote by St. Luke out of Electress by Election.
A BAY FILLY, 2 years old, by Hermit out of Musket's dam by West Australian her dam Brown Bess by Camel grandam by Brutendorf out of Mrs. Cruickshank by Welbeck.
FIELDGLASS, a brown colt, 2 years old, by Speculum out of Loripes by Codrington out of Nutmeg by Nutwith out of Macremma by Sultan.
LANDDOWN, a brown colt, 3 years old, by St. Alban's out of Gentle Mary by Longbow her dam Gentle Kitty by Orlando out of Gamelass.
RED ARCHER, a chestnut colt, 4 years old, by Toxophilite out of Ornament by Kettledrum her dam Amethyst by Touchstone out of Camphine by The Provost.
A CHESTNUT COLT, 2 years old, by Blair Athol out of Adventurer.
SISTER TO LANDDOWN, 2 years old, by St. Alban's out of Gentle Mary by Longbow.

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AVONTES, bay horse by Distin out of Avondale by Ratan her dam Avonmore by Old England out of Haitoe by Sir Hercules, 3 years; winner of several races, in training.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 15th, the property of a Gentleman.
1. REVOKE, a chestnut gelding, aged, by Parmesan out of Finesse by Stockwell.
2. SIMON, a bay gelding, aged, by St. Alban's out of Aunt Hannah by Newminster.
3. BUCK, 5 yrs old, by Victorious out of Curve by Nutwith.
4. WILD TARTARY, 5 yrs old, by Wild Oats or Lundyfoot out of Clintonia.
5. WORTHLESS, 5 yrs old, by Martyrdom out of Ladylike by Newminster.
6. NORTHUMBRIAN, a bay horse, 6 yrs old, by Eland out of Murcia by Lord of the Isles.
7. HART O'GREECE, a chestnut colt, 3 yrs old, by King of the Forest out of Acropolis by Citadel.
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TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 15th, the following HORSES with their engagements, to dissolve a partnership.
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2. BLONDE, bay filly by Speculum out of Dentelle by Trumpeter, her dam Chiffonniere by Wild Dayrell, grand-dam by Little Red Rover—Eclat, 3 years.
3. GLEN CRYSTAL, chestnut colt by Arthur Wellesley or Glenlyon out of Dewdrop by Mildew out of Lizzie, 2 years.
4. BEAU OF KARS, chestnut colt by John Davis out of Belle of Kars by Knight of Kars, her dam Perfidious by Lanercost, 2 years.
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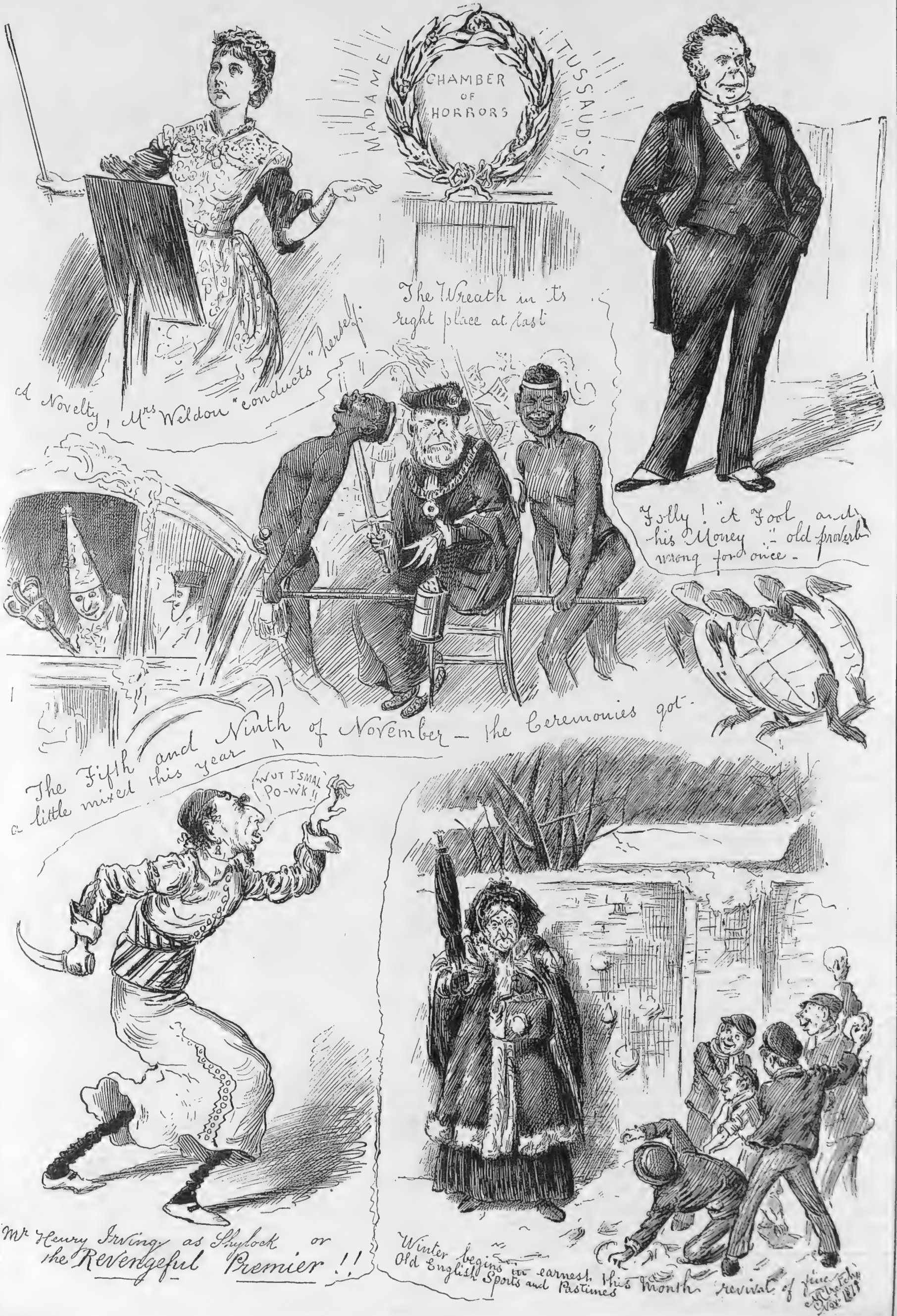
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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.
All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

MADGE T.—Your letter was received by the person to whom it was addressed, and he replies to you that you entirely misconstrued the intention of the paragraph which you criticise. It was not meant to be unkind, for the truth, rough as it may sound at first, is always kindest in the end. To encourage an obviously incompetent amateur, who lacks education, intelligence and natural grace, and whose pronunciation is hopelessly vulgar, is not to do a kindness but a great wrong.

E. S. D.—The actor who played with Garrick and survived him so long was probably Hewitzer, who was found dead in his bed one January morning at his lodgings in Wild-passage, Drury Lane, in, we think, 1805. He was seventy-seven years old.

CLUBS.—The Drury Lane Beef-Steak Club was established in January, 1826. There were several clubs bearing that title, and at one time almost every leading theatrical company had its own. The place of meeting was in the theatre in an apartment constructed specially for its accommodation, within the painting-room, and the steaks were cooked within sight of the guests, the cook—a noted one—being himself a member. Elliston, Braham, Wallack, Harley, Johnstone, Mathews, senior, Kelly, W. Linley, and many other famous players belonged to it, and every member on the night of meeting wore a silver gridiron suspended from his button-hole.

W. CROCKER.—Miss Rachel died in 1853, aged 38.
AN ITALIAN.—Mrs. Abingdon used to drive from one fashionable residence to another to give advice with regard to the style and make of ladies' costumes, her taste in such matters being very highly esteemed. It is said that no fashionable ball or marriage was undertaken without Mrs. Abingdon being consulted with reference to the dresses of the ladies, and that when she appeared upon the stage the dresses she wore were quite as attractive to ladies of fashion as her acting was to the general public.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. E. M.—Yes, it was after her divorce.
H. K.—It was the Honourable Wortley Montague, Lord Bute's brother-in-law, who ran away from home when a child, and was taken into the employment of a chimney sweeper, at whose house he was found, nine months after, bruised by blows, half-starved, and in rags, and yet reluctant to leave his master. He soon after again ran away, and became a cabin-boy on board a vessel bound for Lisbon.
A. E.—Pierce Egan was not scrupulous in his statements, and you cannot

rely upon them. Broughton's weight was not eight and a half, but nine stone.

ALFRED BROWN.—An anecdote will reply. A doctor asking a lawyer what was meant by "docking an entail," the latter replied: "It is doing what you seldom do with your patients—suffering a recovery."

WEST.—There is, we think, no alderman named Bury, but there is a street called Aldermanbury in the City. Are you trying to be funny?
O. T.—Mr. David Osmant, father of the Freemasons, died March 20, 1875, at the age of 99.

EDWIN SMART.—The Queen visited Ireland in 1849 and in 1861.
INQUIRER.—Postcards were introduced in 1870.

A. FUTCHER.—Mr. Isaac Disraeli died on January 19th, 1818.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

THE CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE pursuit of sport under difficulties may furnish, perhaps, a not inaccurate description of the eight months spell of racing brought to a conclusion last week. In common with all recreations mainly relying for their success upon the state of the barometer, what we are pleased to term our national pastime has suffered severely from an administrative point of view; though "the weather" must not be held altogether responsible for the dulness and want of life and interest universally admitted to have characterised the racing season of 1879. During the reign of its predecessor the first symptoms began to be noticed of a lack of the sinews of war for carrying out the campaign to a brilliant termination; but it has remained for the year just concluded to illustrate the climax of depression, as regards public interest in sport no less than the quality of animals, from one of the leading performers among which the year is wont to take its name. Even Lord Falmouth's bonny little mare did not "stand up" long enough to make 1879 remembered as "Wheel of Fortune's year," and in the dearth of such distinction, to which of her contemporaries are we to look to have its name associated with the season of which we are now attempting a brief retrospect? Is the last year of the decade now passing away to remain a blank in our memories; and if not, what three-year-old are we to select as holder of the championship? Those rank rovers and palpable "chance horses," Charibert and Sir Bevy's, are obviously not the sort of animals, either as regards shape or performances, to swear by, and the same remarks must apply to the St. Leger winner, who has made and tarnished his reputation half-a-dozen times in the racing cycle. Over and over again has it been amply demonstrated that the three-year-old colts of 1879 were a terribly "mixed" lot; and though the normal state of the ground may reasonably be advanced as some sort of an excuse for in and out running, it will not do to attribute everything to a state of things which has previously existed without causing any such extraordinary complications of form as we have witnessed "all through the piece" enacted in this year of grace. Fortunately the old motto, *uno avulso non deficit alter*, again supplies comfort and consolation, and we can turn from an unsatisfactory contemplation of competition in our classic races, to a better class of horses in "another line of business" on the Turf. If we might be allowed for once to break the Median law which strictly lays it down that the Derby winner should confer his name upon the year in which his success was achieved, we would suggest that the function for 1879 should be discharged by Isonomy, doubtless one of the best horses of modern times, and one of the few which have worked their way up through handicaps to distinction as Cup horses. Isonomy, by his victories at Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster, has not only rivalled the feat of The Hero, but has surpassed the performance of the old Danebury champion, in that he has swept the board of these three coveted trophies in one year, and has secured in addition other prizes of a similar nature not instituted in the old "Heroic" days. After a Turf career signalised by heavy purchases, not only in the yearling market, but also among "ready-made" racers, as well as by spirited support of them, and by a liberal system of entries in all important stakes, Mr. Grettton heartily deserves a corner-stone like Isonomy wherewith to crown the edifice: nor should we withhold a just meed of praise from the breeders of Isonomy, who have stuck to his sire with a determination worthy of their ultimate reward. But for Isonomy the season just concluded would be almost a blank, and we may reasonably hope for better things in 1880, having regard to improving prospects on all hands in trade and business transactions, to general activity in which we may refer national prosperity, and consequent thereon increased interest in and support of the national pastime.

To the subject of "winning horses," however, as well as concerning successful sires, owners, and jockeys, we may hereafter have to devote special consideration; and we must hasten to notice other features in connection with the act of the great Turf drama upon which the curtain has recently fallen. One of these, and not the least notable or important, has been the decrease, from various causes, of the number of race meetings held during the year: but we do not find that any one has suffered from this diminution, save and except the *entrepreneurs* who took ventures in hand more for the sake of enriching themselves than of benefiting the sport in which they pretended to evince so extraordinary an interest. A great wail went up from a certain class of racing optimists when the Legislature summarily put its foot down upon certain undesirable *réunions* of roughs and thieves, but the cry was not taken up outside the circle of interested fuglemen, and it is amusing as well as edifying to note how certain of the foremost to cry "shame" upon an arbitrary and tyrannical government are now sedulously "trimming" in the opposite direction. The benefit to sport and to society alike conferred by the system of disestablishment adopted, has been so patent as to require no demonstration; and we shall not be held guilty of treason when we assert that the pruning-knife might further be judiciously applied with the best effects, even the staunchest friends of racing conceding that it is vastly overdone at present. It is evident that framers of programmes to suit the appetites of racegoers are at their wits' end how to provide that variety which we are told is the charm of life; but the *deus ex machina* seems invariably to present himself in the shape of a selling race, the extraordinary increase in which justifies more lengthy

comment than we can afford in an article purporting only to give a hasty purview of the campaign just concluded. Of turf scandals we may be said to have had our usual share, and it is almost needless to add that inquiries, explanations, and attempts to bury the same decently have failed as egregiously as such measures are inevitably bound to do, when a certain section of those entrusted with the duty of legislating upon them undertake their task in a half-hearted way. Turning now to market operations, we find ourselves drifting faster than ever from the making of books long before a race towards post-betting; with the happy result, however, of putting an end to the villainous schemes formerly concocted by certain disreputable adventurers for milking the public, a little game attended with marked pecuniary success, but now fortunately stamped out, the proprietors of dairy farms having lost the opportunities of which they formerly availed themselves so largely. As a consideration, however, for comparative immunity from robbery in this form, the public have to put up with ridiculously short prices, especially among the smaller fry of bookmakers, and the trade of these gentry must be better than ever, looking at the many backers who come and go, while the fielders go on for ever, wax fat and rich, and wisely stick to a very profitable line of business. As regards welshing and its invariable accompaniments of ruffianism and violence, never has it flourished to such an extent, while good and safe men stand careless by, and suffer their reputations to be blasted and their names assumed by the legs with whom they are content to consort without compunction or even a mild remonstrance. Judging from these antecedents, the outlook is not so promising as usual, but we still wait, Micawber-like, for something to turn up during the recess; and it is with no feelings of intense regret or even of mitigated satisfaction that we close the page of racing history for 1879, in the sincere hope of turning over a new leaf when its successor takes office.

CHES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. C. COLLINS.—Many thanks for your problem. TIGHT STAYS.—We regret the cause of your silence, and are glad to hear from you once more. Your solution of Puzzle (255) is correct. Your solution of Problem 256 is also correct. A. B. STUBB.—We welcome your return to the scene of your peaceful triumphs, and are much obliged for your two problems. SEMPERVIRENS.—Your solution of Problem 256 is correct, but to prevent a dual there ought to be a pawn at K R 4. J. RADENMACHER.—Your solution of Problem 256 (as amended) is correct; and your kind remarks fully appreciated. A. T. M.—Your style of play and your modesty are both admirable. C. M. B.—Your promised contribution will be very acceptable. E. N. R.—Thanks for your game. J. R. (Brighton).—Answer next week. Solution of Problem No. 257 by Tight Stays is correct.

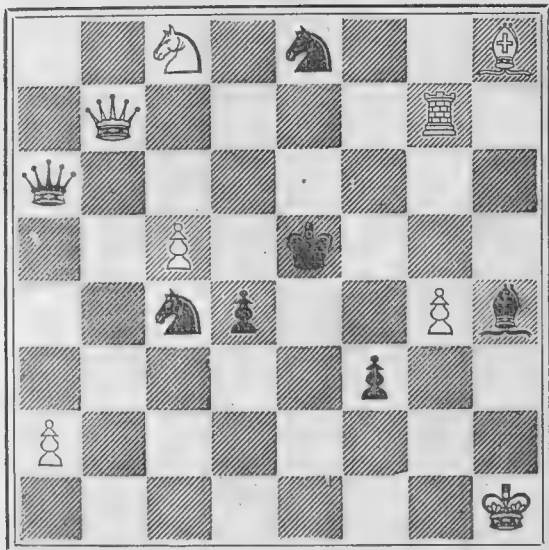
In Problem 256, to prevent a dual there ought to be a pawn at K R 4, and then the solution is—

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to K 2 | Anything |
| 2. R to K 4 (ch) | B, Kt, or P takes R |
| 3. P to Q 4, mate | |

PROBLEM No. 258.

By T. HAZEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

CHES AT NOTTINGHAM.

The following game was played last week at the Nottingham Chess Club between Mr. S. Hamel (the President) and Mr. MacDonnell. (King's Bishop's opening.)

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| Mr. Hamel. | Mr. MacDonnell. |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. B to B 4 | B to B 4 |
| 3. P to Q B 3 (a) | Q to K 2 (b) |
| 4. P to Q 3 | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 5. B to K 3 | P to Q 3 |
| 6. B takes B | P takes B |
| 7. Kt to Q 2 | Kt to B 3 |
| 8. Kt to K 2 | B to Q 2 |
| 9. P to B 4 | Castles Q R |
| 10. Kt to B 3 | B to Kt 5 |
| 11. Q to B 2 | P takes P |
| 12. Kt takes P | B takes Kt (c) |
| 13. P takes B | Kt to K 4 (d) |
| 14. Castles Q R (e) | P to Kt 4 |
| 15. Kt to Q 5 | Kt takes Kt |
| 16. B takes Kt | P to Q B 3 |
| 17. B to Kt 3 | Kt takes P |
| 18. Q to Kt 2 | Kt to K 4 |
| 19. Q to R 3 (ch) | P to Kt 5 |
| 20. Q to Kt 3 (f) | P to K R 4 |
| 21. Q to K 3 | K to Kt sq (g) |
| 22. P to Q 4 | P to B 5 |

And after many more moves White won.

- (a) We are glad to see old faces, at least occasionally.
(b) Modern writers prefer Kt to K B 3.
(c) Here black could have gained a decisive advantage, but playing hastily did not put the moves of his combination in their proper order; he ought to have taken K P with Kt at once, thus—
12. Kt takes P
13. P takes Kt (a)
14. P takes B
If 13. Kt to Q 5 R takes Kt, &c.
(d) Had he now taken K P with Kt, white would have taken P with B P, so as to guard his Kt with Q at B 2, in case black checked at R 5.
(e) A bold move, but there is a weak point in it which black immediately hits.

- (f) Q to K 3 would have been better.
(g) Black here plays too cautiously; Kt to B 6, followed at the proper juncture by P to B 4, would have enabled him to retain his advantage.
(h) A good move; driving the B K away from the scene of action into an awkward position.
(i) Black now begins to indulge in tentative strokes, seemingly unconscious of the williness of his able opponent.
(k) Very well played.
(l) Injudicious, enabling white eventually to get two powerful central pawns.
(m) The position is now in every way favourable to white, and he certainly utilises it in a manner highly creditable to his judgment.
(n) Excellent and decisive.
(o) Kt to B 2 would have been still more disastrous.
(p) K to Kt square was his best; but why waste best moves?
(q) R to B 6 seems good, but white's reply, R to B 6, would have brought the contest to a neat and speedy termination.

CHES CHAT.

AMONGST the lesser bors is the would-be good-natured gentleman, the dandy "Master of Arts," who prides himself upon his classical attainments. He comes to you when you are playing, and politely asks whether you object to his looking on, and then do you mind his smoking. During the game he soliloquises a good deal, and, if he happens to be friendly towards you, occasionally expresses his surprise at your not having made his move. He is sure to interlard his remarks with poetic quotations, and even to soar into the regions of classic lore. The knowledge of Shakespeare and Byron, Homer and Horace, which he exhibits is surprising; indeed, I may say stupefying. If one of the players is a long time over any move, and some luckless wight should exclaim, "The man who hesitates is lost!" he is down upon him like a shot, sharply correcting him, "Sir, it is the woman who deliberates. I hate to hear quotations mangled." When you strengthen your attack he mutters, "Vires acquirit eundo," and when you open out your heaviest artillery upon the enemy he has recourse to Greek and "Πολυμολισσιστο," or some such terrific word, deluges the atmosphere contiguous to his mouth.

This bore is very useful in one respect. He loves to monopolise the remarks about the game, and should any other person hazard an opinion respecting it, he is very angry, and rebukes the offender sharply: "You should not interfere with a game of chess, sir; and it would be more becoming for you to abstain altogether from talking upon a subject which, excuse me, you do not thoroughly understand." This great man is always very polite to you, if he knows you, and ever attentive to your expressed wishes. When the game is finished—if it has been an interesting one—he invariably proceeds to hold an inquest upon its dead body, assuming to himself the office of coroner. If you have lost it, he shows you how you could have saved it. If you have won it, he points out the shortest road to victory, missed by you, but discerned by him many moves before it became available. Should any country bumpkin or metropolitan outsider observe to him, "You seem to understand chess very well; do you play much yourself?" He replies: "Oh, I used to play a great deal twenty years ago, but I have quite given it up. I have played with Harwitz and Staunton, and Lowenthal." "And how did you get on with them?" "Well, they were better, I suppose, but I generally made about even games with them." Peculiar notions prevail amongst modest and truthful men as to the meaning of that phrase—"Even games." Some consider that one victory and eight defeats proves the equality of the combatants; others hold that having accidentally taken part in a consultation game, on either side of which certain first-class champions were ranged, entitles them to rank with their leaders.

My advice to my young friends is never to assist in inquests upon dead games, and to avoid discussions about positions with all grandiloquent self-puffery?

But the most offensive and mischievous of all on-lookers is the man who purposely gives hints that practically affect the moves. Your opponent is just about to make a bad move, to fall into a trap which you have ingeniously prepared for him, and, lo! this bore at his side emits an ominous cough, extemporises a fictitious "hem," or turns round and stares articulately in his face; and then the player thus operated upon—although he had almost touched the fatal piece—pauses, pretends to re-examine the position, and for no other reason but that of the warning thus mysteriously conveyed to him, changes his tactics, and disappoints your expectations. I know not which is the more unfair—the man who gives, or he who takes a hint in chess.

A very clever trick—and a perfectly legitimate one, too—was once played off by the great X upon two offenders who had thus conspired against him. X was playing a game with Y, and had several times observed that just when Y was in the act of making a bad weak move he would suddenly stop short, as though a shot had pierced his hand and prevented his making the contemplated stroke, and X suspected that some mechanical communication was being passed from W to Y, and indeed he thought he had heard a noise under the table, as though someone had suddenly trode upon Y's foot. At last X himself made a slip move that afforded his opponent an opportunity of winning the game, and Y was just in the act of making the proper reply, when X—cunningly pressed his foot, whereupon Y immediately telegraphed his acknowledgements to W, and assumed a hesitating attitude over the position. X then repeated the foot signal with increased force, and Y, thoroughly convinced that there was some trap in the way which he could not discover, rejected the course he had obviously contemplated, and made what he called a waiting move. "Oh! you donkey," shrieked the irrepressible W. "Why didn't you sacrifice the knight, and win at once?" "What, could I have done that?" "Of course." "Then why," retorted the injured man, "why on earth did you press my foot when I was going to do it?"

MARS.

HUNTING NOTES FROM IRELAND.

Since my last few notes a great change has passed over the tinted scenery of our woodlands and the verdancy of our pastures by the recent visitation of the two assistants, frost and rain, while on Sunday (Nov. 30) morn and afternoon we had a gentle sprinkling of snow that veneered the slate tops of our stables with a thin coating of white. These downfalls, although not of lengthy duration, have completely transformed the appearance of our landscape from its August-September aspect to its peculiar November one of change and decay. But we of fox-hunting guild have certainly welcomed the change (if the frost element would only disappear!) as the dry keen weather of the early weeks of November month greatly interfered with that capricious thing—scent; hunting thus was unsuccessful and slow in many of our best countries.

The Carlow and Island hounds have been enjoying fair but not by any means brilliant sport for the last few weeks; foxes have been found numerous, but scent has been as capricious with them as with other packs, to the detriment of sport.

Notwithstanding, they are credited with a good run on the 15th ult. of one hour and twenty minutes' duration from Castle-more cover to St. Austin's Abbey, where the varmint was rolled over.

Their fixture for last Saturday (November 29) was Burton Hall, and as I had my hunter in close proximity—at Newbridge

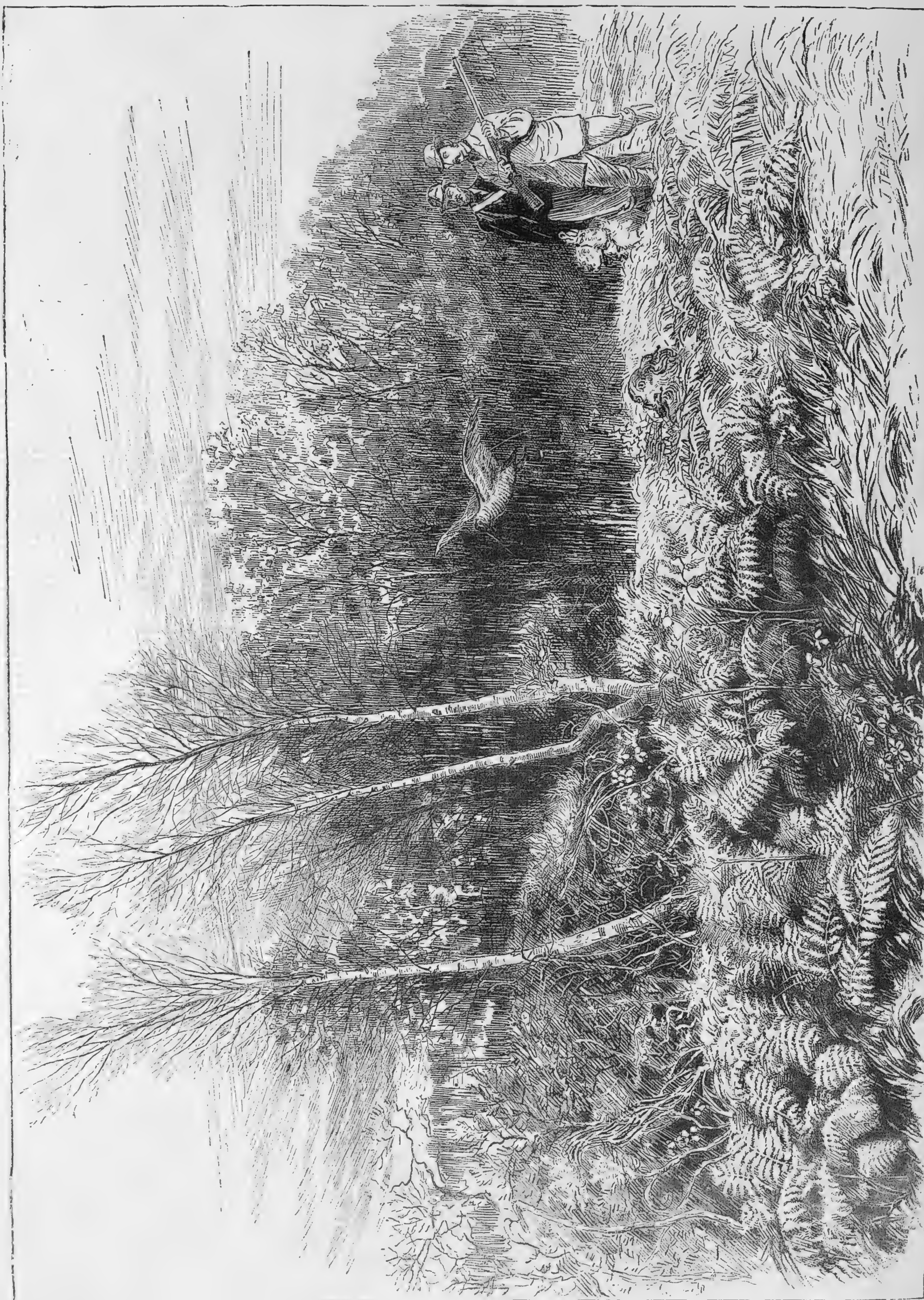
—where I had passed a pleasant afternoon with the Harriers in the vicinity of Mr. Gannon's farm, I resolved to cast my lot with the Carlow and Island hounds, as the fixture is a very popular one, not alone with the habitués of the hunt but also with many of the hard riding followers of Kildare and the Queen's, and I was sure of good sport. By the morning train of the Great Southern and Western Railway (the best of covert hacks) I am landed at the thriving little town of Carlow, although I see but the steeples of its churches, and jogging along a road where "improvement" stones lie thick, passed a very poor looking building with the sounding title of Pollerton Castle to Mr. Doolan's farm, where the hum of the thrashing engine is heard. A little further up the road turning to the left, the picturesque pleasaunces and shrubberies of Pollerton, the property of Sir Charles Burton, Bart., and Brown's Hill are left behind on the right, up a winding road to a hill from the top of which a magnificent view of Oak Park with its many deer and well-stocked coverts (*par parenthèse*, Mr. H. Bruen, M.P., Sir Chas. Burton, Lord Rathdounel, Mr. J. Bunbury, Mr. R. Watson, M.F.H., and several others made great havoc in them the day previous, 27th, battue shooting), and so to Burton Hall entrance gates, where the tall dark Scotch firs, and pillars topped with round stone balls, first catch the eye from the turn in the road. Standing at the gate entrance one commands an extremely picturesque landscape, especially the view towards Burton Hall House, with its avenue of Irish-mile length—something more than 1760 yards—in one straight vista curving in the centre, where a vale intersects at right angles. The grey ashen-hues of the tall gaunt trees along the valley's sloping side, as well as the distant shrubs around Burton Hall House, were lit up by eleven o'clock with brilliant sunshine. Cantering down the avenue the first to pass me is Sir Charles Burton, on a very shapely brown, while Lady Burton closely follows in a well-appointed phaeton. As I reach the little bridge, I look back and see the hounds—eighteen couple—under the command of M. Connors and Ned Byrne, coming down the incline, the whiteness of the hounds contrasting effectively with the verdancy of the pasturage. In front of Burton Hall, a stately-looking edifice, once the residence of Mr. W. F. Burton, but now occupied by the local stipendiary, a very esthetic field has gathered. Near the steps I notice Mrs. Stewart Duckett, on a light-coloured chesnut of great capacity (which she afterwards changes for a darker colour at the entrance gates to Mr. Germain's), and Mrs. Bagenal on a shapely black. Lord Rathdounel is piloting a fine bay hunter, Sir Clement Wolseley, Bart., is on a dark bay. Mr. H. Bruen, M.P., and Mr. H. Bruen, jun., R.A., are on fine bits of horse-flesh. Mr. Doyno rides a fine weight-carrier of great jumping powers; Mr. Nolan, of Tinneclash, rode a powerful steel grey. Of the strangers, I saw Mr. W. W. Spong, from Dublin; Mr. Playfair, from Newbridge, and Mr. Jenkins, of the 95th Regt., from Kildare, all with hunters of high-class. I was also very pleased to see Mr. Horace Rochfort, the oldest pursuer in Leinster, joining the cavalcade in his trap, but nearing cover he mounted his trusty grey, which has carried him so well. Mrs. Rawson, Mr. William Kelly, and Mr. Kenny I notice on wheels. On the left, under the spreading branches of two heavy ash-trees, the whips have the hounds, and greetings take place on every side. Mr. Watson, well carried by a bloodlike bay hunter, rides towards the pack, and the move is given for Graney Cover, situated some four miles further, on the Baltinglass road. A nice gallop down "the shady lane" from Burton Hall, in which I passed Mr. Nolan and Miss Nolan, on shapely bits of hunters, while further on I spy Miss Nolan, on a particularly neat-looking cob, and I may say, I never remember having seen a lady so young in years "doing" ditches and big fences so fearlessly. A long trot along the road, a turn to the left, past a thatched house, over a bit of ploughed land, brings us to the summit of a knoll of which Graney Gorse form one side, while a long valley and flat country lies beyond, and the Wicklow Mountains covered in a white livery, form the background. The hounds are some time in cover, and then pleasant music at intervals tells the anxious pursuer on the ridge of a fox (or foxes) at home. After some fifteen minutes a "gorsesoon" bolts at the further end skirting the ditch, in the corner of which some beeves are reposing. Past them our fox nimbly makes, tops a heavy ditch, and is viewed away over the distant hill. A cheer greets his exit, and Byrne bringing up the pack, they are soon on his line.

Down the incline—over a holding tract of fallows, do we go, and in our first fence get "experience," as it is a nice one—on over the hill, where the varmint turns and races onwards. Presently the hounds are streaming up a hill, the field a far way behind. The pack hunt slowly now, and crossing the road lose their fox; near the farm at the roadside of the cover (it is said our quarry got in a sewer, but this I disbelieve), where, scent being bad, reynard made good his escape. The hounds are cast in a field adjoining the road, but sans success; the master's horn (Mr. Watson hunts himself) is heard, and we again trot back to cover.

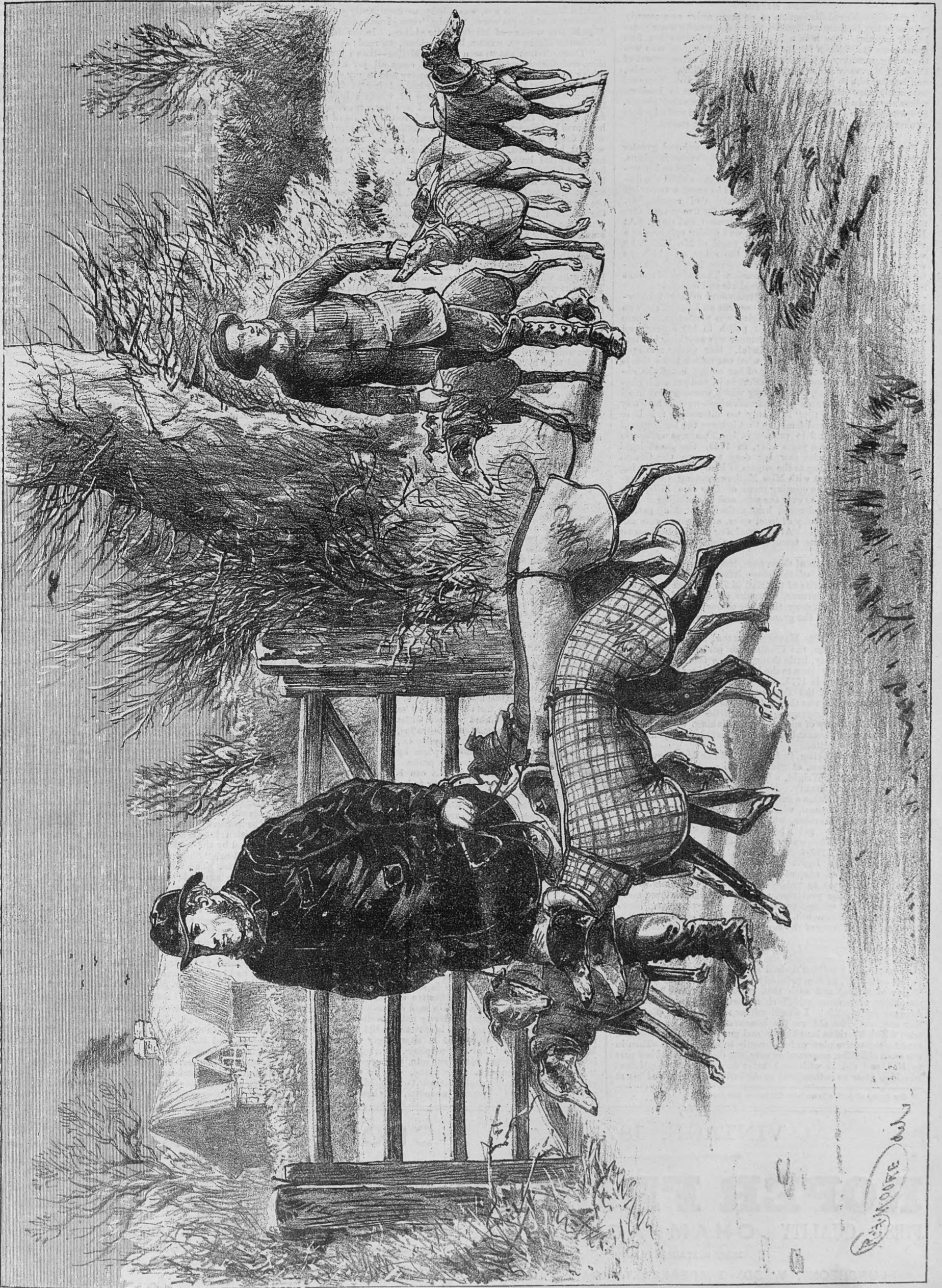
At a roadside ditch not a little excitement is occasioned, the field making over, cross-country, once more to Graney empties one saddle only. Mrs. Stewart-Duckett cleared it beautifully, and as for Miss Nolan why the Empress herself on Cameo could not have done it better. The welter weights, Messrs. Hone, Eustace Doyno, Nolan (Tinneclash) negotiate it best. Mr. Alexander, R.H.A., after a little delay (owing to the softness of the ditch's top) cleared it. At last we take up our former commanding position on the ridge, and await results. Biscuits and sandwiches, cigars and cigarettes are now in requisition, while not a little merriment is occasioned by the sight of a young man on a black horse in the bottoms below trying to work his way up. Some of us think he will jump a wide, holding ditch, and get submerged. Shouts of "Jump it!" "Don't funk it!" "Come on!" are sent towards him, while another gentleman shouts out "Go up further! Open the gate!" Further down Mr. Germain is informing the Master that the real fox with the white tag on the end of his tail was seen stealing away towards Castledermot, while the hounds were away after the first tenant. A few minutes more elapse, and word is given for Castledermot Gorse, and trotting along the road for a few miles, turning into a field on our left, after a pleasant gallop we find ourselves on the hill overlooking Castledermot cover. We draw it blank; Knocknarea likewise. The afternoon was passed in the vicinity of Russellstown Park, but without a run. In this, if we were disappointed, we had ample "bits" of fencing to recompense us.

Of other packs, the Curraghmores have had a fairly good time of it, though sport has been anything like brilliant. They had a good thing from Garden Morris on the 18th, as well as from Cregg and Castletown coverts on the 21st, and Mount Neil on the 28th, while in the sister country, Kilkenny, there has been a show of fine sport, especially in the Ballyragget district. The Louth, Meath, Westmeath, and Kildare Hounds, as well as several packs of harriers, have likewise been credited with good runs, but not with anything like brilliant sport. The Duhalloos had a fine run of twelve miles from Highfort last week. Surely this must have pleased the new Master, Mr. S. Bruce, as the pace was great, and the line a stiff bank and ditch one.

GRIS-GRIS.



WOODCOCK SHOOTING.



"A POSTPONEMENT."

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

By A. H. WALL.

A GROUP OF LADIES.*

Mrs. Baker.

THIS lady achieved distinction of no mean order as a comedy actress at the Haymarket Theatre, where she was for some years highly popular. She was a Miss Vining, and made her first appearance at Brighton for the benefit of her brother, who was the acting manager at the theatre. Under the management of the elder Macready she achieved her first professional triumphs, and leaving him to play at the Bath Theatre, her fame increased so largely that it procured her an engagement in London, where she made her first appearance on the Haymarket boards. She was born on November 7, 1801, and as maiden and wife bore a character which the breath of slander never sullied.

Miss Stephens.

Few actresses of the past or present have enjoyed greater popularity than was commanded by Miss Katherine Stephens, the daughter of a carver and gilder, born in London on December 18, 1794, who died Countess of Essex. As a child she displayed so strong a taste for music, and had so sweet a voice that she was placed under the care of a musician of repute, Mr. Lanza, to whom she was articulated as a pupil for five years. Her master soon introduced her to the concert-room and stage. At Bath, Bristol, and Southampton she won golden opinions as a vocalist, and in 1812 she became the pupil of Mr. Welch, by whom she was carefully educated for the stage, on which she was ambitious to excel as an operatic actress, in which character she made her debut at Covent Garden Theatre as Mandane in *Artaxerxes*. Her success was immediate and complete.

"No female singer," wrote a contemporary critic of acknowledged taste, "perhaps ever built so true an English style on Italian rudiments. Her ballad singing was perfection. There was also high beauty and no slight polish in her concert and oratorio singing, and though her manner was anything but impassioned, it was sensible and graceful. Her purity rendered her performance the very model of what our nation terms chaste singing." Leigh Hunt, speaking of her acting, noted the entire absence of any appearance of effort in it, and praised highly the beauty of its repose, the modesty which was apparent in all she did. Serjeant Talfourd—no mean authority—wrote of her Polly in *The Beggar's Opera*: "It is only too interesting: it is so modest, affectionate, and feminine that it turns the burlesque of the satire to favour and to prettiness." This was written in 1814, and when, sixteen years after, in 1830, the great legal luminary and dramatist saw her once more on the Covent Garden boards, listening to the stream of honeyed music flowing from her lips as she sat with Miss Mathews among the honey-suckles and roses in the opening scene of *Love in a Village*, he said she was as young as ever she was, and as charming. That her heart-softening tenderness, her unaffected, touching pathos, and her natural simplicity of tone, voice, and gesture were untouched and unchanged. After remaining at this house some years, her services were transferred to the boards of dear old Drury.

Miss Stephens was one of those pure, true women on whom the trials and temptations of the stage left no stain. When, in 1838, she became the wife of the Earl of Essex, even those who most envied her good fortune, or spoke of it most indignantly and bitterly, could not deny that her character was as morally pure as that of any of the grand dames with whom it was her lot to mingle.

Miss Harriet Mellon.

Mr. Matthew Mellon, the Cheltenham postmaster and keeper of a circulating library, little thought of the fate in store for his merry little daughter (or was she his stepdaughter? Authorities differ) Harriet—born in 1775, some say in Westminster—when, becoming manager of the Portsmouth Theatre, he introduced her to the stage. She was then a very little girl, arch, sprightly, full of fun and vivaciousness, a slim little creature, with a simple, child-like way of speaking and thinking, which she retained even in her womanhood, good-hearted, kindly-natured, and a general favourite.

While she was playing, in fulfilment of her first regular engagement as an actress, at Stafford with a provincial manager named Stanton, Mr. Wright, a banker, was particularly smitten with her talent and beauty. He introduced her to his family at home, where she became a great favourite. He also introduced her to a visitor and guest, who came to see the races, his friend, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who heard her sing, saw her play, and promised to get her safely located in Drury Lane Theatre. In consequence of this introduction, in the season of 1783-4 Miss Mellon made her first London appearance as Lydia Languish in *The Rivals* on the historic boards of ancient Drury. How she pleased and triumphed and rose to public favour I have not space to tell. She returned to the provinces, and gathered laurels from every play-patronising centre, particularly in Birmingham, Newcastle, Durham, Plymouth, and Liverpool, her popularity in the town last named being of the most enthusiastic and extraordinary kind.

There is a story told of her first appearance at Drury Lane which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of repeating, it is so characteristic. Sheridan desired her to read the part of Lydia, in his own play, to him privately. "Oh! sir," said she, in a flutter of terror, and with that impulsiveness and unaffected simplicity of manner which characterised her to the last, "I dare not for my life! I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honour to read it." A request with which Sheridan laughingly and good-naturedly complied, reading the entire play to her, greatly to her delight. Then in the same childlike, unassuming way, she desired to read her part to him, and did it with such utter forgetfulness of self that Sheridan grew as enthusiastic as she had been, applauded her at

frequent intervals, and wound up by at once engaging her to play any part she liked best in *The Rivals*.

When Charles Mathews, senior, was living in a pretty little cottage, amongst the rustic lanes, hedgerows, fields, and meadows of Colney Hatch, a spot endeared to him by the early recollections of his boyish days at home, and when the late Charles Mathews, his son, was a baby, so dominantly a ruler of the home, that his pet name, "Twig," was given to the cottage, Miss Mellon was one of his favourite visitors. In the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, written by his widow, we read:—

"There often might be seen Harriet Mellon—then a youthful, slim, and delicate creature; she would come all joy and simplicity for a day's recreation. How merry and happy she was! perhaps happier than when splendour hedged her in from the enjoyment of simple pleasures, the love of which I believe to have been inherent in her nature. I see her now, returning from a tumble into a neighbouring pond, in the middle of which her horse had chosen to drink. How unaffectedly she protested, when dragged out, that she did not care for the accident, and walked home, though saturated with the muddy water, and her beautiful hair dripping all down her back! How we laughed while we afterwards dragged off the wet clothes from her fine form, half apprehensive for the consequences. Then again, what peals of merriment attended her re-appearance in the borrowed ill-fitting dress that had been cast upon her, and the uncouth turban that bound her straightened hair, and which she was compelled to wear for the rest of the day. What amusement her figure created! How well she converted an almost serious accident into one of general entertainment! How many other drolleries have I seen her enact at various periods, in the same place, my husband the leader of such revels! This little spot was, in reality, the *sans souci* of our friends, and little Twig the presiding deity of the place, and the epitome of fun and merriment; as such, he was allowed perfect liberty for the time. One day he entered the room with his hands full of the sibylline leaves of the nursery; in other words, half a pack of very dirty cards, which he had abstracted from his maid's drawer, and with which he offered to tell Miss Mellon's fortune. Borrowing the cant and phraseology of the owner of them, he foretold that his favourite would some day be 'married'—not to Mr. Coutts, the banker; not to the Duke of St. Albans—but to a handsome carpenter.

"We ceased our intimacy with Miss Mellon just as she became a rich woman, but in after years we never glanced at each other in public for a moment that I did not fancy that the Duchess of St. Albans looked as if she remembered these scenes, and felt that they were very happy."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

PATEY & WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough-street.—"Funny little songs for funny little singers," 2s. 6d., is the title of a most amusing and meritorious illustrated musical gift-book, deserving of a wide popularity. The songs, twelve in number, are from the pen of Mr. F. Haywell, who has happily contrived to produce the kind of comic song in which "funny little singers" take delight, without imitating the utter inanity of the old nursery rhymes. The music is furnished by Mr. Alfred Plumpton, who has provided pleasing and facile melodies, simply but effectively harmonised. The name of the pictorial illustrator is not given, but he may justly claim a considerable—if not the greatest—share in the success which has been achieved. His designs—which are skilfully coloured—are of more than average merit, and combine comic effects with much play of fancy, and, in some instances—notably in the 12th picture, which represents cats and a mouse by moonlight—the artist has been remarkably happy. The work is well bound, with a fancifully illustrated cover, and is a marvel of publishing enterprise.—"The Golden Gate," 4s., is a setting by Mr. J. F. Barnett of some semi-religious and well-written lines by H. Conway. It is sufficient praise for the music to say that it is worthy of the composer. Published in two different keys, it will be available both to sopranos and contraltos, and deserves a place in every library.—"Lucy Gray," 4s., is a setting by J. Blumenthal of a well-known poem by Wordsworth. The music presents few occasions for praise. The leading melody is commonplace, and the best that can be said for the song is, that the composer allows the poetry to be heard, and has shown taste and sympathy in his accompaniment.—"Won by a Rose," 4s., words by H. Conway, music by J. L. Roeckel. The three verses of the song are well-written, and tell a simple love story prettily. The melody is simple, but pleasing and effective.—"Gott mit dir!" by the same *collaborateurs*, is a less satisfactory production. Such rhymes as "graven" and "given" are inexcusable, and the introduction of the German phrase, "Gott mit dir," as the leading feature of an English song can hardly be commended. Supposing the song were sung in a public assemblage, it is probable that nine-tenths of the audience would be unable to comprehend it, and it would surely be easy to find an English equivalent for the German words. The melody is sympathetic and effective.—"Once in a Lifetime," 4s., words by M. Lemon, music by F. Campana. The words are above the average, and if, as we suspect, Miss Lemon had to fit them to the melody, she may be congratulated on succeeding in a difficult task. The melody is of the flowing and facile kind for which Signor Campana is famous. As regards the laws of harmony, he is a law unto himself.—"La Reine des Prés," 4s., a set of effective and melodious waltzes, composed by P. de Cernay.—"Un mot d'Amour," 4s., polka, by F. Schiller. A tuneful and lively polka, well-suited to ballroom purposes. A cornet part is given with the pianoforte arrangement, and the title-page is charmingly illustrated by Messrs. Hanhart.—"Danse Triomphale," 4s., by P. de Cernay, is a bright and spirited pianoforte solo, of no great difficulty.—"Le Plaisir," Rigandon pour piano, 4s., by G. Gear. The composer has happily caught the spirit of the old dance, and has not only furnished agreeable melodies, but has enhanced the

effect of them by the introduction of well-written counterpoint. "Gavotte" in E flat, 4s., by E. Reyloff. Frequenters of the Brighton Aquarium will welcome this pianoforte arrangement of Mr. Reyloff's capital Gavotte, which, in its orchestral form, has become permanently popular. Of the making of many Gavottes there is no end! and most of them are tiresome failures, but this Gavotte is a pleasant exception to the general rule.

DUFF & STEWART, 2, Hanover-street, W.—"Somebody's waiting for Somebody," 4s., is a setting, by Miss E. Philp, of well-known lines by Charles Swain. The music is charming in its unaffected grace and sympathy, and this new edition of the song will be a boon to contralto and mezzo-soprano singers.—"The Whisper of the Trees," 3s., words by J. Siree, music by Hamilton Clarke. The words of this song are ambitious, but weak, and occasionally incomprehensible; at all events, we cannot understand how anyone could "fill each pulse" of the "silvery gleam" of a rippling stream "with the joy of his ardent lay." The music shows good workmanship rather than originality. Mr. Hamilton Clarke never writes carelessly. If he failed to derive inspiration from the words before us, the fact is not surprising.—"All forgetting, all forgiving," 3s., words by G. A. Beckett, music by V. Bligh, is the duet sung by Miss Brandon and Mr. C. Grain in the operetta, *The Pirate's Home*. The melody is flowing and pleasant; the harmony is simplicity itself.—"The Laughing Brook," 3s., by F. Lonsdale, is a very pretty and characteristic pianoforte solo, of but slight difficulty.—"Adieu!" romance sans paroles, 3s., par E. L. Hime, "composer of 'Parfait Amour,' &c." Why does Mr. Hime condescend to use the polyglot titles? He should either use all French or all English words, and if he be the "composer of," and not the "composateur de," certain pieces, why does he not describe the piece before us as a "romance without words, by E. L. Hime"? We should not take the trouble to put these questions if Mr. Hime were one of the shallow pretenders whose name is legion. He has written much excellent music, and this romance is a charming, melodious, and poetical pianoforte solo worthy of a place in every drawing-room.

CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street, W.—"The Child's Paradise," 4s., a song for children, written and set to music by F. A. Bedwell. The story of a little boy enticed away by a lovely mermaid is trippingly told in ten (!) verses, set to a simple melody, which any child might soon learn.—"Naseby Fight," 4s., written by A. R. Phillips, composed by G. Fox, is a "song of the Ironsides," and the music, like the words, is both warlike and devotional in character.—"The Lady Doctor's Husband," 3s., and "The Song of the Gout," 3s., both written by MM. Lawren and Oxenford, and composed by O. Barri, are said to be taken from "the musical absurdity of *M.D.*" So far as musical merit is concerned, little can be said in their favour; in absurdity they are probably unrivalled.—"Northward Ho!" 4s., words by Commander Cheyne, music by O. Barri, is a poetical appeal in favour of the further exploration of the Arctic regions, and both words and music are spirited.—"The Flying Dutchman," 4s., Legend, written by H. B. Farnie, composed by L. Bordes. The poem is wrongly entitled a "Legend," being really a long soliloquy, in which the Dutchman of the old legend is alternately maudlin and blasphemous, and finishes with a gush of piety. Mr. Farnie has written many better lines than these. It seems probable that the music was originally written to French or Italian words, arranged in rhythms to which the English language does not readily lend itself. The music is dramatic and effective.—"Rest," 4s., words by R. A. Lejoindre, music by C. H. R. Marriott. A well-written song, with a flowing and appropriate melody.—"The Little Gold Locket," 4s., words and music by Arthur Matthison. A humble sailor hopelessly loves a high-born lady, and "envies the little gold locket that hung round her beautiful neck." A locket that hangs round a lady's neck must indeed be a curiosity. The yacht is wrecked; the sailor saves the lady's life, but her locket is lost. The disinterested sailor has stolen it, and unblushingly says:—

It's here, and for ever I'll keep it
On this faithful hopeless heart!
And I kiss o'er and o'er that locket,
As I dream of what never can be!
Still I love her, I love her, I love her!
And that was enough for me.

The italics are ours, and it strikes us that love was *not* enough for the lowly sailor, unless combined with petty larceny. The melody, which commences in D minor, and terminates in F major (!), is expressive and appropriate. The four following songs are written by A. Matthison, and composed by A. L. Mora. "The Sentinel of the Sea" 4s. The lighthouse keeper's soliloquy is written in vigorous and effective verse, but the refrain is spoiled by the Cockney rhyme "warning" and "dawning," and the line, "Ships and men made 'scape storm-doom," is not euphonious. The melody is bold and striking, and the accompaniments are well written.—"The Queen of Hearts," 4s., is a vocal waltz of the ordinary type.—"Dainty Darling," 4s. The verses are pretty, but there are indications of carelessness in the use of the word "glorious" as a dissyllable, and in such easily-avoided phrases as "Silence's fold." The music, though pretentious, is devoid of inspiration, and the harmonic progressions are often crude and unpleasant.—"Young Lochinvar," 4s. This is a daring attempt to tell over again the Border legend so vividly told by Walter Scott, whose Lochinvar was a good horseman, and held his bridle-reins firmly, while the lady of his love sat behind him. Mr. Matthison's Lochinvar says:—

Fast I hold her to my throbbing heart,

but how he managed to do this without riding backwards it is difficult to imagine. Lochinvar talks alternately to his horse and his mistress in phrases which are neither poetical nor sensible, and it seems clear that in this instance Mr. Matthison has not improved on Sir Walter Scott. He may be more fortunate hereafter, but perhaps his wisest course might be to abstain from interfering with the finished works of standard poets, and to keep exclusively to his own private Helicon. The music is the weakest and poorest we have seen for many a day.

VINTAGE, 1874.

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* See group of portraits on page 252 in our last issue.

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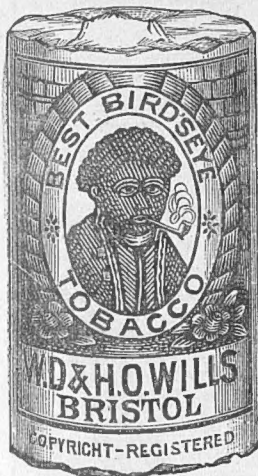
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